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THE NATION

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LETTERS

Muskie's performance

San Francisco, Calif.

DEAR SIRS: "The Remaking of Muskie" by J. F. Richard [*The Nation*, Feb. 22] is the most biased, prejudiced, hate-mongering claptrap I have read in my fifty-two years as a *Nation* subscriber. . . . The consensus was that the Democrats would have defeated Nixon had Senator Muskie headed the ticket instead of gabby Hubert Horatio.

Because of this favorable impression, it was only logical for the Democrats to have picked the Senator to answer slippery, tricky Nixon. Even Mr. Richard had to admit that Muskie's performance the evening before election was superb. . . . For your information, I am supporting Senator McGovern, morally and financially. *Herman Stuyvelaar*

challenge

Cambridge, Mass.

DEAR SIRS: I disagree completely with the first sentence of your editorial "The Oil Bombs" [Feb. 22]. Oil industrialists *are* excelled in their shortsightedness by you and me. If each of us in this country undertook immediately to drive his car 20 per cent less each year and not to purchase cars for teen-age youngsters, the following benefits would be instantaneously manifest: the oil and auto industry would get the unmistakable message that the country is indeed serious about pollution . . . ; auto exhaust pollution would immediately decrease by 20 per cent; the necessity for building new megaton "oil bombs" and the Alaskan pipeline would disappear; fewer youngsters would be maimed and killed.

Are the editors of *The Nation* and others who talk and write on this subject prepared to make this sacrifice to their convenience to start a nationwide campaign to reduce the use of automobiles? . . . *Philip Mandel, M.I.T.*

gas and bombs

Pennington, N. J.

DEAR SIRS: The book roundup, "War Crimes: Made in U.S.A." by Mark Sacharoff [*The Nation*, Jan. 25.] has errors of omission which should interest your readers.

(*1*) Gases employed by U.S. forces in Vietnam cannot be designated as "tear gas." CS and CN are fatal . . . in dosages exceeding 0.3 milligrams per cubic meter. . . . If arsenic were used in 15 gallons of water, it could be called a mild astringent. . . .

(*2*) Mr. Sacharoff refers to "defoliants." These chemicals too could be so described only if in a dilution never in fact operative in Vietnam. As used, they are toxic to human life. . . .

(*3*) Bombings are not conducted merely at levels of saturation. Hospitals, clinics, schools and sanatoria have been targeted specifically and have served as the repeated objective of bombing missions since 1965. . . .

The findings of the International War Crimes Tribunal, cited above, were published by Simon & Schuster eight weeks ago under the title *Against the Crime of Silence*. Richard Falk called it "the most important book published about the war in Vietnam," as did Noam Chomsky in his long preface. *Ralph Schoenman, Secretary-General*
International War Crimes Tribunal

so fair and foul

Weston, Conn.

DEAR SIRS: Lawrence Alloway's column [*The Nation*, Feb. 22] on current exhibitions at the Metropolitan Museum of Art, the National Gallery (coming to Wildenstein's) and the National Gallery of Canada, is both illuminating and welcome. The great mystery is why, when it comes to old masters such as Ingres, Mr. Alloway can write so lucidly, helping us to understand the work, but when faced with contemporaries he is so hopelessly drowned in obtuse and contentious jargon. . . . *Stanley Bleifeld*

EDITORIALS

Why Not a Tally?

The military PR people, being at considerable pains to tranquilize the public in regard to the current losses in the Laotian adventure, release the bad news in small doses. Helicopters, the air cavalry of the invasion, are highly vulnerable to antiaricraft fire. In South Vietnam, choppers were safe enough when 1,500 feet above the ground; the VC didn't even bother to fire at them. In Laos, however, helicopters have been hit at much higher altitudes and the antiaircraft fire is at an entirely different level of intensity and competence.

American briefing officers give out figures by the day—figures that may or may not be complete. Occasionally, weekly totals are released, but not many citizens maintain clipping files of current events, from which they could keep a running grand total of the losses sustained since the invasion started. Thus the public never feels the true impact of the pounding our "support" forces are taking. Further, the official but fragmentary figures do not include damaged helicopters that were able to make it back to the bases or which were airlifted back. *Newsweek* (March 15) reports that in less than half an hour, during an assault by the ARVN First Division on an enemy position south of Route 9, thirty of the U.S. helicopters involved were badly damaged and eight others were destroyed beyond repair. The air crews themselves scoff at the Army's figures. One pilot is quoted as saying: "Man, I got shot down badly twice in one day myself, and I saw them leave eight birds behind at a single LZ [landing zone]. The numbers they're putting out really mislead people back home."

The usual rationale for not giving out complete figures —that it might aid "the enemy"—is patently not applicable. The North Vietnamese can count. The present confusion about the extent of helicopter losses is largely a result of the media's failure to keep a running tally, giving the total from week to week, so that the public can have some general idea of the extent of these losses. American troop casualties are totaled from week to week; in the same way it should be possible to keep a log of destroyed and damaged helicopters. *Time* (March 15) reports that "about 200 helicopters" had been lost over Laos by the end of the previous week. The extent of these losses would be a fairly accurate gauge of what this latest extension of the war is costing in equipment and personnel in a theatre where U.S. forces are supposed to be playing merely a supportive role.

The Campus Vote

As might have been predicted, the focus of resistance to the recent legislation reducing the voting age to 18 is showing up in counties that have a student body high in proportion to the general population—i.e., where colleges and universities are situated in small towns. More specifically, it has shown up in Tuscaloosa County, seat of the University of Alabama, and similar moves are being made in New York State and elsewhere in the country.

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Boards of registration and other local authorities wish to take the position that a student "resides" at the home of his parents, from which usually, though not invariably, he came to college and where (it is increasingly unlikely) he will return on graduation. Such an interpretation would prevent students from "taking over," or at least substantially influencing, elections for local office, and in some cases even for the national House of Representatives. Ironically, in this period of youthful commitment, the chance that a campus electorate will use the franchise irresponsibly is much less than it would have been in more carefree times. It is not probable that undergraduates will stage "panty raids" on the polling booths; it does remain true that the way they choose to vote may not accord with the views of their elders in the local community.

But what is at stake here is equal rights under the Constitution, as becomes clear in arguments on the Tuscaloosa issue presented by Richard G. Singer of the Law School, University of Cincinnati, to the Fifth Circuit Court of Appeals (whose decision in the matter will almost certainly be carried to the U.S. Supreme Court). The appeal was brought on behalf of a group of students who are being supported by the American Civil Liberties Union. Every community necessarily enforces a residency requirement for voting, but the crux of the matter is that in Tuscaloosa the residency requirements for the campus are not the same as those for the rest of the area. The great bulk of students remain four years at college; many stay for six or seven. If they are transients, so are many other members of the community—in Tuscaloosa, a considerable body of management trainees, who can be expected to stay a much shorter time; as well as young professors, who usually move on two or three times before settling down to tenure, and technical workers and craftsmen, who comprise very mobile segments of the society.

But any of these may vote in Tuscaloosa on satisfying the residency requirement. University students, on the contrary, must swear their intention to stay in the county after graduation (swearing to an intention is, of course, a paper oath) and must support this by proving that they have already been signed to a job, or own property and pay taxes. Of course they cannot do so—and neither could their enfranchised fellow "transients."

Eventually, as intimated above, this question will have to be settled at the Supreme Court level. Had the voting age been lowered a generation ago, the matter might not have been so pressing. Most students then really were "on leave" from their homes, with their basic interests still in those communities. Today, the situation is very different. The college and immediate post-college age group is completely mobile; it is less likely to return home than to move wherever its interests and opportunities dictate. Many at the graduate level are married, raising families and virtually, if not totally, self-supporting. To ask them to register from the homes of their families—aside from the inconvenience and expense that this may entail—is really to ask that they perjure themselves.

Like most Americans, students are "at home" where they work; the Congress has said that they are to have the vote and, however much court action it may take, eventually they will vote from the only homes they can honestly claim. The effect of lowering the voting age may

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well depend on the outcome of the Alabama and similar court tests of residency requirements, for—at least by inference—college students in the 18-to-21 category are more likely to register and vote than are those not enrolled in college. If, that is, they can register where they study. If by exercising this right they change the political balance—at all levels from precinct to Presidency—it must be supposed that the legislators foresaw this result, and thought it would work for the good of the nation.

Daley: Shaken but Secure

Unveiling his strategy for winning a fifth term as Mayor of Chicago, Richard J. Daley responded to his opponent's charges in typical style: "I won't answer him . . . I don't campaign by answering." Daley, at 69, sees his sixteen-year record as requiring no defense. But for Richard E. Friedman, a 41-year-old independent Democrat, former director of the Better Government Association, and currently Republican candidate for mayor, the Daley record has serious flaws. Friedman has referred to Chicago's public housing projects as "concentration camps, concrete filing cabinets for the poor," and has called attention to Daley's use of public housing to maintain "deep and dangerous divisions." He has also attacked city health programs, corruption and waste, and has called for a redistribution of political power within the city.

The results of the February 23rd aldermanic elections, however, would indicate that the distribution of power remains almost unchanged. Running in newly redistricted wards, Daley's candidates were able to win thirty-seven of fifty council seats. Republicans, who held seven seats, retain four, with one incumbent and one challenger yet to be decided in runoffs. Liberal independents mounted successful campaigns in six wards—a net gain of one, but more importantly a gain of two seats in new wards (one black, one white), including an upset victory over a regular Democrat by a black independent. Two women join the council for the first time, and black representation increased from ten to fourteen.

In the primaries, Daley polled ten times the number of votes cast for Friedman, and that advantage, plus the narrow victories of those Republican aldermen who survived, suggests that the Republican Party is not the immediate beneficiary of the disaffection with Daley that is beginning to surface. As a party, the GOP is at least as weak in Chicago as it is in New York City. Friedman has staked his chances on what he himself terms "an incredible coalition" of independents, blacks and other minority groups, anti-machine Democrats, young people and traditional Republicans. He has a good staff but is relying heavily on volunteers to shake loose parts of the Daley constituency, which includes a large proportion of normally Republican business and financial interests. He has tried to impress on Chicagoans the fact that Daley's role as a "great builder" has blinded him to his position as a "great destroyer" of people and community.

Two federal court actions will figure prominently in the April 6th election. One would force the Housing Authority to make public its plan for building low-income housing in primarily white wards on the outer fringes of the city. This could benefit Friedman, who has been critical of the city's delay in complying with the court order. The second action, still pending, involves Jesse Jackson's attempt to overturn a state statute which requires 58,000 signatures to qualify as an independent, compared with 2,000 for Friedman and 4,000 for Daley, running as major party candidates.

The big question in Chicago seems to be how close Daley can come to his 73 per cent plurality in 1967, when he carried every ward. And this in turn depends on whether the momentum that is beginning to be generated by anti-Daley coalitions can be carried into and beyond the mayoralty race. Approximately 700,000 out of 1.5 million registered voters cast ballots in the February election, but of that number only about 400,000 voted in the primaries. That leaves quite a lot of votes for the taking. The Daley myth is still alive and his method still functions (see article p. 360), but time is running out on both.

Dollar Arrogance

Among bankers, even among stock market customers' men, B.O.P. stands for Balance of Payments (between nations). The deficit in American balance of payments used to be a great financial and governmental bogy. In 1961, President Kennedy was worried because the United States was running a deficit of $10 billion abroad. Now the deficit has mounted to $19 billion held by foreign central banks alone, while total deposits of dollars in banks outside the United States (including foreign branches of U.S. banks) are estimated at $35 billion. These figures loom large in comparison with U.S. stocks of $11.1 billion in gold. In theory, foreign holders of dollars can demand the equivalent in gold. In practice, obviously, the dollar is no longer convertible into gold on a large scale. Foreigners can no more get gold (although they are entitled to it) for all their dollars, or any considerable part of the total, than can American citizens, who are forbidden to own gold, except for special purposes.

This situation worries some foreigners, and also some Americans, but the Nixon Administration, led by the recently converted follower of Keynes, views it with equanimity. The world, in this view, is now on the "dollar standard." Foreign central banks could not afford a run on the dollar, because they would risk encouraging private citizens and corporations in their countries to unload their liquid dollars on the central banks. As one writer puts it, total unconcern about the B.O.P. deficit rests on the idea that the United States has other countries over a barrel. And, since Washington picks up a large part of the tab for NATO and provides a nuclear shield against "communism," European bankers are not in a position, at the moment at least, to call a halt to the deficits.

America's foreign monetary relationships are tied up with domestic fiscal policy—anti-inflation measures, a resumption of rapid industrial growth, etc. What the Administration is currently doing about unemployment and business depression is not unusual. It is the general tendency of governments to try to slow the rate of inflation by holding down the supply of money and credit, but to resume inflating when painful effects become evident. One

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such effect is bankruptcies; another, unemployment. Politically, these are worse poisons than inflation. The recovery on Wall Street indicates that financial interests, followed by the speculating public, are convinced that the Administration is now following this latter course.

This aspect of "one-world" finance means that trouble is exported together with dollars. The Lockheed bankruptcy (unofficial) was tied in with the Rolls-Royce bankruptcy (official). Europe is suffering from inflation, as we are. Now that U.S. interest rates are coming down rapidly, European rates are temptingly higher, and short-term capital is flowing eastward, on top of the longer-term outflow of dollars for American business abroad. Europeans complain that we aggravate their financial problems.

The Administration has given priority to "reflation," as it has been called—anything to avoid depression while Mr. Nixon is running for re-election—and, while George Humphrey turns over in his grave, dollars pile up mountainously abroad and a substantial budget deficit is blithely run at home. No currency is completely safeguarded against devaluation—not even the dollar. Militarily, the United States bestrides the earth like a colossus: the expenses thus incurred are one of the reasons for the B.O.P. deficits. Financially, it plays a similarly arrogant role. Some bankers, both here and abroad, are openly anxious about the possible results. What they are saying, in effect, is that anything can happen in the seventies, even a breakdown of the international financial system. Like most American Presidents, Mr. Nixon is a novice in economics; he relies on experts, but history teaches that economists are fallible. Mr. Nixon's buoyancy may have no firmer foundation than has his drive for victory in Indochina.

Kissinger's Role

Columnists, commentators and most editorial writers have inexplicably failed to identify the real issue involved in the flare-up of concern over Henry Kissinger's special role in the Nixon Administration. The issue is not whether Senator Symington did or did not take a "cheap shot" at Henry, as the President put it, in commenting on the way in which Kissinger overshadows Secretary of State William Rogers. Nor is it that the doctrine of "Executive privilege" should be modified or set aside. Presidents have long had special advisers who should be able to invoke "Executive privilege," if they wish, when called before Congressional committees. But when a Presidential adviser appears on a TV network program, answers questions, and pontificates about policy matters, but refuses to appear before the Senate Foreign Relations Committee, the doctrine of "Executive privilege" is distorted well beyond its traditional and well-recognized limitations.

Dr. Kissinger briefs selected newsmen, special gatherings of editors and publishers, and diplomats, but refuses to brief the Senate Foreign Relations Committee. In such activities he is acting not as an adviser to the President but in the way that a public official might act. He also appears at various private gatherings (see: "An Evening with Henry" by Derek Shearer, *The Nation*, March 8), speaks at some length, and answers questions under cover of an off-the-record understanding. If he is going to brief some citizens about foreign policy, the war and security matters, then the briefings should be conducted in public so that we may all benefit from his insights. In the supplemental role he has assumed, he is functioning as a behind-the-scenes and off-the-record briefer and pacifier of certain groups; this role contravenes the concept of "Executive privilege" and should be abandoned. That is the issue and the Senate should continue to press it.

The Army Ad Blitz

The Army has launched a $10 million recruiting program, put together by the N. W. Ayer & Son agency and scheduled for prime time on radio and television. The Marine Corps and Air Force are enviously eyeing the Army's new plaything; they too want to launch programs, and if they do, the cost of the sales campaign will rise to about $40 million a year. Reps. Lionel Van Deerlin (D., Calif.) and Parren Mitchell (D., Md.) have both denounced the Army's bold invasion of the media. In the first place, FCC licensees have in the past carried recruitment notices and programs as a public service. But more important, what effect are expenditures of this magnitude likely to have on the media?

If one government agency can spend $10 million of public funds on an advertising campaign, can other agencies also begin to "sell" themselves on prime time? "The dangers," comments Mr. Mitchell, "are simple, obvious and frightening. . . . The impact on the media might well parallel the impact of government spending on the defense industry." The danger Mr. Mitchell finds frightening is illustrated by the angry efforts of Rep. F. Edward Hébert (D., La.), chairman of the Armed Services Committee, to deny CBS any part of the Army's advertising appropriation because of his intense dislike of the fine recent CBS documentary, "The Selling of the Pentagon," an exposé of the Pentagon's public relations program. The Army's advertising blitz should be promptly stopped. The sums involved are significant at a time when the Administration purports to be concerned with inflation and cities are pleading for aid; but far more significant is the clear suggestion that the Army is out to buy the affection of the broadcasters.

Dancing for the Colonels

Since the state of Utah is not inevitably associated in the public mind with excellence in the dance, it was natural enough, when Ballet West of Salt Lake City was invited to appear in a foreign capital, that the Governor should have expressed his gratification and that the directors of the company should have decided to expand its name to Ballet West USA—thus adding a patriotic rosette, suitable for travel abroad. Moreover, Utah is buried so deep in the American heartland that none of the public or balletic leaders was disturbed that the invitation came from Anthony Protonotarios, Consul General of Greece. Jacques d'Amboise, who will join the company as a guest soloist, should know better; he is a member of the New York City Ballet, a company that sees a good deal of the world.

There is a school of thought which holds that art knows no politics and that the truths it conveys should especially be offered in lands where the truth has been silenced. As

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a generalization, the viewpoint has much to be said for it, but circumstances alter cases. In the case of Greece, the facts are that an infamous regime is being shored up by American money, American guns, visits by American dignitaries and the U.S. Fleet; and that the colonels, who rule the unhappy country as though they owned it, will do everything in their power to lure American tourists to their shores. In that context, Ballet West USA cannot perform in the Herod Atticus Theatre, just in the shadow of the Acropolis, without being a party to the American attempt to legitimize the junta. It is a shabby way for an artistic enterprise to "go international," and adding "made in USA" to its name takes on a connotation that one might think the Ballet West people would deplore.

LABOR'S NEW STYLE

B. J. WIDICK
Mr. Widick is the author of Labor Today: The Triumphs and Failures of Unionism in the United States *(Houghton Mifflin.). He teaches at Columbia University.*

The emergence of new characteristics in the American work force—amounting to a different kind of working class—was the significant development on the labor scene in 1970. It will increasingly affect collective bargaining, unions and management during the rest of the 1970s. More inflation and continuing war, more strikes and increasing rank-and-file rejections of contracts are predictable factors that will affect demands and conduct at the bargaining table. They will also gain most attention, but the new dimension, intruding on the scene, is the different value system, as well as the changing social composition, of the work force.

These are challenges which neither unionism-as-usual, management-as-usual, nor parochial bargaining-as-usual has or can meet successfully. This new phenomenon has already been recognized by top bargainers in some of America's largest corporations. (I shall be quoting extensively from an off-the-record lecture given to industrial executives by one of the nation's outstanding industrial relations vice presidents.) His views are somewhat similar to those expressed by Mitchell Sviridoff, long-time union official, and author of the Ford Foundation report on labor in 1970.

What is the "new working class" like? The lecturer answered, "Employees in the 1970s are (*1*) even less concerned about losing a job or staying with an employer; (*2*) even less willing to put up with dirty and uncomfortable working conditions; (*3*) even less likely to accept the unvarying pace and functions on moving lines; and (*4*) even less willing to conform to rules or be amenable to higher authority."

To emphasize his point, the lecturer added: "The traditional American work ethic—the concept that hard work is a virtue and a duty—will undergo additional erosion." It would appear, therefore, that college campuses are not the only arenas in which traditional value systems are being questioned.

There are two basic causes of the new situation in industrial plants—the lecturer insisted that they applied to the entire industrial complex:

> On the one hand, we have on the hourly employment rolls more of the kind of persons that carry the label "problem employees." These are the people who almost habitually violate our plant rules. Although some of them do so with an open attitude of rebellion and defiance, in a great many other cases it is just a matter of the problem employee bringing with him into the plant the mores of his own background. He continues to follow his own way of life—to live by the loose code he grew up with—and he is generally indifferent to the standards of someone else's society.
>
> While some of the problem employees have come to us through our efforts to hire the so-called hard-core unemployables, most of them are simply a reflection of the labor market we've been drawing from our normal hiring during recent years.
>
> The other root cause of our present difficulties with the work force might be termed a general lowering of employees' frustration tolerance. Many employees, particularly the younger ones, are increasingly reluctant to put up with factory conditions, despite the significant improvements we've made in the physical environment of our plants. Because they are unfamiliar with the harsh economic facts of earlier years, they have little regard for the consequences if they take a day or two off.
>
> For many, the traditional motivations of job security, money rewards, and opportunity for personal advancement are proving insufficient. Large numbers of those we hire find factory life so distasteful they quit after only brief exposure to it. The general increase in real wage levels in our economy has afforded more alternatives for satisfying economic needs.
>
> There is also, again especially among the younger employees, a growing reluctance to accept shop discipline. This not just a shop phenomenon; rather, it is a manifestation in our shops of a trend we see all about us among today's youth.

The agreement between Chrysler and the UAW to study a four-day-week work schedule is an example of the impact of the new work force. Workers vote with their feet. They simply take off one day a week (and disciplinary measures have reached the point of diminishing returns; it costs too much to fire and rehire or hire new employees). While most industries are reluctant to give detailed figures on absenteeism or discipline cases, an informal guess would be that they have doubled recently—even with the recession.

The rapidly changing character of the work force has been a "cause behind the causes" in this period of social unrest. Recently, the Steelworkers reported that about 187,000 new members are enrolled annually in the union. Thus every two years, there is almost a one-third turnover of the actively employed membership.

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Other major unions have had similar experiences, with an increasing number of those hired being black.

Further indications of the trend are the work-force projections for the 1970s:

¶It will have a higher proportion of women, who now comprise more than 35 per cent of the working population.

¶It will be on the average younger, with the proportion in the 18 to 25 age group growing and the 35 to 65 age group declining.

¶It will have a proportionally higher urban background and minority group component.

¶It will become steadily better educated since the new members will be entering it with higher levels of formal education than those leaving it. Thus they will be less attracted to repetitive and uninteresting or physically arduous jobs.

The Sviridoff report stated candidly what this forecasts in terms of union leadership and operation:

> As with the young elsewhere, their attitude toward their union and the leaders is characterized by colossal irreverence. Like the blacks, they demand to be heard, to question and challenge the leadership which, not unlike institutional leadership generally, has not been prepared for this wave of disrespect and revolt.
>
> Union leaders and university presidents (indeed, the President of the United States) are beginning to learn the meaning of words such as "flexibility," "responsiveness," "participation" and "accommodation." To the extent that leadership lags in this painful process of adjustment, one can only predict a continuing swell of revolts, rejections and disruption.

Observe the picket lines of teachers, policemen, other municipal workers, auto workers, electrical employees, truck drivers anywhere in the country and the new impression is the young brashness. The specter of unemployment haunts older workers; many of the young don't give a damn.

This summer, unless a miracle occurs, there will be either a long steel strike, or a rash of individual walkouts. In part, the pattern will be traditional: a preliminary steel industry boom, as buyers hedge against the strike. Higher prices before and probably after the settlement to cover the cost of a new union contract. When Steelworkers calculate that they lost 75¢ an hour from 1965 to 1970 by giving up the cost of living "escalator" clause they feel cheated. With a threat of foreign imports hanging over them, this is a tough problem for the bargainers to resolve. But they will have other headaches. As I. W. Abel, Steelworkers president, recently suggested, the union is seeking a complete annual shutdown of the industry, so that young workers can have summer vacations instead of waiting until they become old seniority employees who can take their choice of time. Since they are not apt to win such a demand at the bargaining table, the probability is that the workers will take a month by way of a strike this summer.

A steel strike in 1971, like the big walkouts in 1970, becomes a form of blowing off steam, and the big unions and big corporations survive by passing on the costs to the consumer. Labor doesn't get ahead; it marks time in terms of purchasing power. Corporations retain profit margins by increasing prices. The Nixon conversion to deficit spending suggests that the government will continue its contribution to inflation.

As the merry-go-round of collective bargaining continues, one sees ever more clearly that it is a problem-posing, or problem-alleviating process, not a problem-solving device. As an example, the building trades, which have won the most fantastic money gains among the unions, are plagued with more rather than fewer problems. The squeeze now put on them by the Nixon Administration has its own irony. Being a hard-hat, it seems, doesn't necessarily pay off. The brief flirtation between George Meany, president of the AFL-CIO, and President Nixon has turned sour under the impact of inflation and unemployment, in the building trades as elsewhere. Nor is there among other unions as much sympathy or support for the building trades as traditional policy would suggest. Unions with large black memberships can't afford to appear as "buddies of the building trades." The Department of Labor reports that there are fewer blacks in skilled building trades unions now than there were a year ago. Business unionism may still attract the academic world as a theory; it simply isn't working out for its chief proponent among unions, the building trades.

Given the astonishing growth of public sector unionism—largely unexpected on the American scene—and the politico-economic and social complex in which it functions, the entire thrust is away from unionism-

Lardner, The State (Columbia, S.C.)

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as-usual. The development of "urban unionism," as against craft or industrial unions, poses a whole series of new questions pointing in the direction of social unionism. As Mayor John Lindsay put it, "The plight of the cities is on the bargaining table."

Unlike the private sector, where wage increases can be absorbed by price increases, cities have funds that are obviously limited. Either new taxes or state and federal aid are the beginning of an answer to demands for adequate wages, be they for teachers, hospital workers, policemen, firemen, sanitation workers, or whomever. Unions representing urban workers have a more difficult task at the bargaining table—political and social issues dominate.

Another major element in the calculations of public sector unions is the changing composition of big cities, where the unions have their solid base. Recent Census Bureau figures show that the trend toward black urban majorities continued in the 1960s. Teachers, nurses, hospital workers, municipal workers will increasingly be black, and their unions will have a different social base and political outlook as a result. The programs of these unions are a far cry from the stand-pattism of the skilled workers' unions, notably in the building trades.

While most public focus remains on old splits—Alliance for Labor Action and the AFL-CIO—the real division within the union movement arises not from the old disputes but from the new social pressures—the new membership, the increase in black membership in the public sector unions—and here unions like the UAW and steel, with large black membership, are more likely to find common cause with urban unions than with the building trades organizations.

Leonard Woodcock of the Auto Workers, Jerry Wurf of the State, County and Municipal Employees, Dave Selden of the Teachers union and Leon Davis of the Drug and Hospital Employees Union sound much alike on all political and social issues, even though they are not under one labor roof. And they speak a language quite different from that of the spokesmen of the building trades or George Meany; they differ in program, philosophy and outlook. These four leaders are the ones in tune with the times, the life styles and the needs of their changing membership.

The organizational structure of American labor may be what one sees, but the decisive movement is taking place below the surface, and it is a movement of and for change in unionism-as-usual. □

MYTH vs. METHOD

THE CRACKS IN DALEY

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Chicago

The intimate association of dissimilar interests has long been a part of the American political tradition, and the workings of the almost obsolete city machine is a classic case of such political symbiosis. The machine provided services to the city poor, and the poor willingly gave their one political resource, the vote. The relationship satisfied both parties—it gave sustenance and security to those in need, and the city bosses collected the IOUs on Election Day. The organization similarly supplied the city entrepreneurs (both legal and illegal) with political favors made available through its control of the governmental apparatus and drafted them for support at election time.

The disappearance of machine politics has repeatedly been traced to factors which upset these intimate relationships—the bureaucratization of welfare, agitation for reform, and a decrease of machine clients. Functions which were in the province of big-city political organizations either lost their importance or were taken out of local control with the advent of civil service regulations, immigration quotas, and federal supervision of unemployment compensation, Social Security benefits and welfare payments.

Where machine-style politics remains vital, as in Chicago, the symbiotic relationships have taken on a somewhat altered form, the simple *quid pro quo* having been supplemented with a more complicated pattern of trade-offs. Votes for the modern boss are solicited on the basis of the mayor's program and the city's provision of institutionalized services, and these votes are then exchanged at other levels of government for state and nationally controlled welfare, education, urban renewal, transportation, and model cities resources.

In recent years Mayor Daley has often consummated a three-way trade: He "delivered" Chicago (and nine Democratic Congressmen), the federal Democrats delivered money (for a convention), and the Mayor delivered welfare services, urban renewal programs, or conventioneers to various segments of his constituency. Within the city, the patterns have become even more complex, the Mayor skillfully using the votes of the poor to provide profits for the rich, and the support of the rich to provide services for the poor. Where the old political boss distributed material perquisites to immigrant groups, less scrupulous businessmen and racketeers, the "new leader" champions programs for poor blacks and upstanding members of the business community, ignores the syndicate, and invokes symbolic rhetoric to maintain the allegiance of hyphenated Americans.

The old payrolled precinct captain could amass votes in return for private provision of material and spiritual goods to individual voters; today he must more and more solicit votes on the basis of much less personalized benefits—street lights, expressways, airports or welfare pro-

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grams—and his success is more dependent on the public actions of the administration than on the private favors of the boss. He is less able to provide incentives through the informal mechanisms of the organization, and more reliant on the symbolic messages of the mayor, which formalize attitudes toward law and order, civic pride, integration, city improvement, neighborhood protection and honest administration.

As immigration quotas, upward mobility patterns (often facilitated by the machine), and growing affluence began to reduce the supply of white ethnic votes available in exchange for *individual* services, a wave of black immigration from the South made new political resources available to the machine. While the organization in Chicago now found itself less able to trade welfare payments directly for votes, it could often take credit for such services through its local channels of communication and information, whereby the new urban residents were told of the available benefits and helped to procure them. To do this, however, the Democratic organization had to take credit for the institutionalized welfare services, even if the party was no longer providing them on a semi-private basis. This shift in strategy, unnoticed in an era of relative political quiescence, was in the 1960s a major cause of the polarization of politics in Chicago.

Formal governmental responsibility for welfare, and its direct association with taxes, came at a time when the white ethnics were joining a tax-paying middle class interested in divorcing itself from the still struggling (and predominantly black) urban poor. A new kind of relationship, replacing the old symbiosis, was discovered by the former beneficiaries of machine largess: the "respectable" elements of society perceived themselves as host, and the poor as parasites on the body politic sucking the blood from hard-working families who had "made it on their own" (never mind the fact that the machine had often provided their fathers with a political and economic mobility ladder).

As the hosts have left the central city to find refuge or status on the outer fringes, they look back on their former neighborhoods as places where, as they see it, drunks, prostitutes, laggards and criminals are being provided the means to go their immoral way, not only to the danger of the whole society but in particular at the expense of the individual who sees his taxes used to finance such parasitic activity.

Arming themselves and their government, they await the onslaught with anxiety. The emptying of Chicago's Loop on the Friday after Martin Luther King's assassination, accompanied by rumors and fears, was a telling sign of the danger the former residents fear from the parasitic organism of the black ghetto.

The mirror image, of course, is the exploitation of Negro poor by absentee whites. In this view, the ghetto is the host, the landlord and nonresident store owner are the parasites. The host body is unemployed, or underemployed, as housing and education become further removed from job opportunities, and the blacks feel exploited both by the upper-class whites who live safely and handsomely some distance away, and by the working classes, who are paid to build and wreck in the ghetto communities.

As the old neighborhood deteriorates, insurance premiums become higher or unavailable, chain stores avoid the area, and prices soar. Income is kept low, living conditions decline, money is worth less in the central city than elsewhere. The absentee landlord collects exorbitant fees for dilapidated, rat-infested apartments which he never sees; ghetto residents who can afford to move out are quarantined by white fear of contagion. As the fever rises, it triggers an outburst of violence and destruction. Attempting to throw off the parasites, the slum community engages periodically in self-immolation.

And on the outside, absentee landlords, store owners, and especially citizens of the middle class who pay the fire department and the police department and welfare become still more convinced that they must destroy the parasite before it destroys them. In Chicago opposition to bussing and preservation of the neighborhood school, so strongly advocated in white buffer areas, seem to be the focal points of this reaction, though the open housing drive of 1966 certainly focused on these two conflicting interpretations of host and parasite, as did more recent conflict in the construction field. At the institutional level, the reported sporadic disorders and unreported everyday confrontations between ghetto residents and government personnel further indicate the pervasiveness of these contrary images of exploiter and exploited. The raid on the Chicago Black Panther Party headquarters in December 1969 suggests the extent to which each side has come to see itself as the target for liquidation by the other.

As conflict and confrontation replace co-optation and segregation, the old sympathetic symbiotic patterns become less appropriate. Daley thrives in Chicago to the extent that he can keep his various constituencies separated, and thus facilitate the use of new trades and old in various combinations. But his emphasis on separation now heightens the visibility of antagonistic groups and has led inevitably to increased polarization and hostility in the city.

Daley has in the past been able to satisfy at least three dissimilar constituencies: the ethnic whites, who as original partners with the machine formed the base of Democratic strength; the newer black immigrants, delivered by the late William Dawson and company; and more recently, the coalition of businessmen, good government Republicans and Democratic liberals who have found Daley's policies and style to their liking.

He is able to satisfy these diverse groups in part because he is at once chairman of the Cook County Democratic Party and Mayor of the city of Chicago, but also because his philosophy both venerates the old and embraces the new. In his first inaugural address, Daley noted that "in most cases, what is good for the neighborhoods is good for the city," but although this theme has continued to be a favorite with the Mayor, he has been willing to wipe out neighborhoods in the interest of new expressways, urban renewal projects, and slum clearance programs which have usually benefited the business–good government constituencies and shown little concern for those displaced in the process.

Daley is in love with his city, but he views it as an organic entity whose various social components and

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ecological bases may be ignored or sacrificed in the interest of *Chicago*. All too often the physical structure takes precedence over the social: "If they're burning the buildings down, they should be shot." And too often the mere physical aspects of the city have been used as a measure of civic success: "We've demolished more buildings than any administration in the history of Chicago." The philosophy doesn't look beyond bricks and pavement to conditions of Chicago life which presumably led to the lighting of the match in the even more densely populated slums remaining, nor is it likely to notice that white construction men are the ones who have profited from the programs of urban renewal.

While an organic concept of the city which subordinates neighborhoods and social groups to making Chicago *number one* might seem to conflict with a philosophy which extols the virtues of traditional neighborhoods and community allegiance, Daley has been able to use each to political advantage. Neighborhood veneration is useful to the party boss because it sustains the parochial nature of the city's diverse ethnic enclaves, maintains the unintegrated nature of its social structure, and allows the organization to approach the segmented polity with an ease that could not be sustained in a cosmopolitan setting. Neighborhoods bound to themselves, their precinct captains, and their special relationship with City Hall—whether based on welfare and patronage or more likely on loyalty, tradition, ethnic representation and a lack of trust in or knowledge of the wider community—continue to support the Daley regime. At the same time the neighborhood philosophy is a symbolic reassurance to the white communities that the city is not about to sanction open housing or open schools beyond token levels.

As Mayor of Chicago, Daley's love for the city (translated into various programs of improvement) plus a style of progressive reform (at least compared to what went before) have been crucial to his hold on Republicans and liberal Democratic apologists alike, causing them to repeat the Chicago cliché, "he's the best mayor Chicago ever had." Granted, he is the best mayor *Chicago* ever had, and perhaps even the best mayor the city's diverse publics have ever had, but is it therefore unfair to ask whether that is good enough? However, for most Chicagoans, who compare Daley either with the corrupt machine he inherited or with the apolitical and bumbling reformer who preceded him in office, such a question about a man who so obviously loves his city is unwarranted.

Yet the organic philosophy has been more and more abused to justify the repression and suppression of both outsiders and insiders who are seen as disrupters of *the city*. Marches for open housing have been "regulated," peace marches suppressed, and political movements brutalized in the interests of a reified Chicago. Thus: "Sure we believe in civil rights, but also in law and order in our streets"; or "We won't let anyone come to Chicago to take over our city, our streets or our convention." Little attention is given to the fact that civil rights involves the impartial administration of law in *all* streets, for *all* people, *regardless* of their city allegiance. While ethnic and fraternal groups of every variety take over the streets of Chicago weekly (often with the Mayor presiding), even moderate Democrats were made aware that the 1968 convention was Daley's and Chicago's, not theirs. The organic philosophy thus sanctions rejection of demands (and the right to express them) by legitimate segments of the Chicago community (or national community, as was the case at the convention), while the neighborhood philosophy signals certain other segments of the community that they are likely to have their particularistic desires protected.

Perhaps the only neighborhood Daley sees is his own. Although he has resolved to be "a mayor of all the neighborhoods," it is hard to understand how he can conclude that the pride he feels in the community of his birth "is the pride all Chicagoans feel for the communities in which they live." One doesn't usually burn down such a neighborhood. Perhaps we must take the Mayor literally when he remarks, "When I walk down the street where I live, I see every street in the city of Chicago. . . . When I look at my children, I see every child in the city of Chicago." No wonder the Mayor can announce to a national NAACP convention that "I have lived in Chicago all my life and I still say we have no ghettos in Chicago." Poor observation may be astute perception: you can't praise the virtues of a "city of fine neighborhoods" if they don't exist.

One can imagine the agony that Richard Daley must have felt when he was put in the position of having to protect the civil rights marchers who ventured into the white neighborhoods of Chicago in 1966. With the advent of confrontation politics, the strategy of satisfying segregated ethnic enclaves with neighborhood rhetoric was put to the test. Facing the alternatives of keeping the marchers out of the neighborhood or keeping the neighbors away from the marchers, Daley struck a balance based not on the neighborhood philosophy as much as on the "mayor of all the people" concept, for the dimensions of the conflict were such that it was not likely to be solved within the bounds of neighborhood rhetoric.

In announcing an injunction which would limit the open housing marches to daylight and require prior police notice, Daley said: "As Mayor of Chicago—of all the people—I was faced with the dilemma of balancing rights. . . . On the one hand, there was the constitutional right of petition and on the other the constitutional right of safety of person." But the additional rhetoric used in this crisis now haunts the Mayor, and he finds it more difficult to reconcile one myth with the next. As the perception of parasitic exploitation replaced the politics of constituency isolation, confrontation forced Daley to invoke the authority of his office to buttress simultaneously the doctrines of open housing and closed neighborhoods. He is unable to deal with his segmented constituencies on separate levels, and the conflict situations which are becoming more common in Chicago allow him to satisfy permanently no one, save those who see confrontation per se as the greatest threat to the city as organism.

Despite its intensity, the open-housing controversy was at least temporarily diluted by the creation of a corporate-like body with public instructions to facilitate open housing in Chicago. While the rhetoric initially satisfied the civil rights movement and disturbed white Democratic

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strongholds in the city, subsequent performance indicated that the Daley-King covenant was more political style than city policy.

No doubt the harsh treatment of convention demonstrators and peace marchers in 1968 was in part an attempt to recoup losses suffered from the necessary compromise of neighborhood integrity and the invocation of the organic city concept to implement (if not enforce) an open-housing policy for the city. The convention provided an arena for the use of the organic city doctrine on "outsiders" in a way that avoided the balancing of rights of expression and safety, and would be understood and commended by white "insiders." Daley's response to the ghetto riots also reinforces his commitment to the doctrine of neighborhood primacy in *white* communities: rather than undertake any major programs for the improvement of ghetto life, the Mayor has invoked neighborhood rhetoric toward the black communities, primarily in a *post hoc* "why are you doing this to yourselves?" manner, while responding to each further conflagration with a policy of "containment" that is designed to isolate the infected area from the rest of the organism and em-

phasizes protection of property rather than promotion of community.

Operating in the private sector, Daley is likely to find it substantially more difficult to implement the "Chicago Plan" for Negro employment which will affect the builders, the white unions and the black coalition. Construction activities, union membership roles, and any major apprenticeship program for blacks will each provide a sustained and visible focus for the constituencies involved in the current controversy; and it would seem improbable that all groups can be satisfied by the outcome, *whatever* the public rhetoric (or private side payments).

While there has been only minimal compliance with the Chicago Plan during its first year, the evidence would hardly suggest that Daley will invoke his neighborhood philosophy in order to guarantee black employment on projects in the Negro community should work stoppage occur again. More likely, the organic philosophy which was evident in the Mayor's response to the proposed curfew for whites in black communities ("I don't think any part of our city should be out of bounds for anyone") will prevail in the form of court injunctions if city construction is again delayed. Should the white rank-and-file unionists find need to resist the Chicago Plan, Daley will again be faced with a situation simliar to the 1966 open-housing controversy, but in 1971 it would not seem that either of his public philosophies will be sufficient to remedy a situation where economic and political demands are simultaneously in such obvious conflict.

No doubt, Daley's early decision to remain head of both party and government (despite a campaign pledge to the contrary) is in large measure responsible for the prosperity of Chicago's machine long after others have withered. While there is some indication that Daley intended this dual role from the first ("People told me that if you're a leader you can't be mayor. That's when I decided to lead my party and be mayor"), he claims that he offered his resignation to the central committee after his election, but that they refused it.

Daley's watchword, "good government is good politics and good politics is good government," while consciously developed as a response to charges of bossism and machine control in his first mayoral primary against the reformer Kennelly, seems an unconscious attempt to explain the relationship between the roles of party boss and city leader. "Good politics" means politics which is separated from and subordinate to the job of "being mayor of all the people"; "good government" emphasizes rational and economic administration rather than decision making through political compromise.

Daley said in his first inaugural (1955): "Whatever political aspect there is in the mayor's office will be deferred while we concentrate on the immediate and urgent problems that face the city." The theme has been constantly repeated: in talking to reporters in 1963, the Mayor made clear that "we're talking in the mayor's office. Politics should be discussed in a different area"; in 1969 while presiding over his City Council, Daley noted that "the alderman is making a political speech. Sometime we'll have to transact city business." And his emphasis on the separation of these roles has been accompanied by an insistence on the primacy of his role as city leader: "To place party loyalty above public good would be a betrayal of our democratic form of government."

It is clear, however, even from the statement that "good government is good politics," that these two activities cannot be separated. For if the mayor's business is good government, that is bound to pay off politically. Thus the Daley myth divorces government from politics, while the Daley method uses government as a political tool. When it seems politically useful to wash his hands of an issue, Daley will wait until it wins a degree of public support or

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antagonism, so that the eventual response of good government is good politics. This was the tactic in the school segregation issues involving former Superintendent of Schools Willis and in the bussing controversy stimulated by the current Superintendent. Unfortunately for the Mayor's style, confrontation politics produces advocates and opponents simultaneously.

Daley projects the image of a nonpolitical mayor, basing it on his support from major elements of the city and his pledge (renewed at every inaugural) to serve every segment of the community. He *has* had the support of the State Street Council, suburban-residing businessmen with city interests, the local press and other media, labor, the various machine types which he inherited as chairman of the Cook County party, Stevenson Democrats, reform and good government Republicans, and the black and white ethnic communities throughout most of the city. But this support is *not* for the most part apolitical or based on the organic philosophy per se. It is to be found in the more or less sophisticated political calculations of each of these interests as to how the city's resources should be collected and distributed, and is nurtured by the substantial bargaining skills of Daley the politician. The better organized interests in the past have been just as eager as the Mayor to cover method with myth, and have helped to perpetuate the illusion of apolitical city government.

It didn't take Daley or the business community long to see that there was support to be had and money to be made in honest and expansive "good government" as well as in corrupt government. But while it has taken longer, the present politicization of the black-white cleavage, as exemplified by the open-housing controversy of 1966, the construction controversy of 1969, and the controversy over the school board presidency in 1970 will more and more force the Mayor to make resource allocations and symbolic commitments which will be seen by previously less organized voters as beneficial to one side or the other. These new perceptions are beginning to show up publicly, as in the 1969 Constitutional Convention delegate election, the April 1969 aldermanic by-elections, and more recent Model Cities voting.

Daley comes on as the honest, hard-working nonpartisan statesman of Chicago, and those who find fault with his administration are castigated for unfairly injecting political considerations. In response to allegations of irregularities in the City Building Department he commented: "This is sheer politics. . . ." In 1965, his response to criticisms of city control over the anti-poverty program was: "Let us stop wasting time and energy in questioning motivations, in quarrels over the 'power structure' and in attempting to make political issues where none should exist."

The method of heading off criticism is through the myth that city government is separated from city politics, and in a state where the reformist-progressive spirit never really caught hold, the media men and voters who accept "dirty politics" as inevitable, who report it and receive it without great indignation, are proud to point to a public official who appears to operate on a higher level. Thus the "honest Daley" image has continually been reinforced by the Mayor and the media, and has been accepted as a fact by almost all Chicagoans. While the press is fond of muckraking, it invariably appeals to the Mayor to correct the unseemly situation.

The Mayor is portrayed as working to clean up the scandals of city politics, rather than as being responsible for them, and that is quite probably the case. But his willingness to tolerate unpublicized corruption is either played down or made into a virtue by recalling that, incredibly in the political ethos of Chicago, the Mayor himself has never stooped so low. Political dishonesty in Chicago and Illinois has historically been easy to document, and standards for virtuous administration are exceedingly low. The hypocrisy, which is a part of Daley's manipulation of political symbols, and the undemocratic nature of his political regime are somehow lost to most political commentators and interested spectators who remain impressed with his material accomplishments.

While many opportunities to pierce the honesty screen were provided by the Democratic National Convention, no sustained attempt was made by the Chicago media to do so. This is understandable if the communications industry is seen as dependent on the Mayor's good government constituency of Loop business interests, whose advertising is vital for media survival and who have profited from the Daley myth and method in the past. Perhaps the closest the newspapers came was a confrontation brought on by a political editor of the *Daily News* at a September 1968 press conference where Daley was accused of shouting obscenities on the floor of the convention during Sen. Abraham Ribicoff's denunciation of "Gestapo tactics" by the Chicago police. The Mayor furiously denied the charges, and asked for the videotape to prove it, but despite the opportunity, and the subsequent publication elsewhere of a lip-read transcription (reportedly commissioned by the Ribicoff campaign staff), it was never followed up. Only a year after the convention did the *Sun-Times* devote a page to remind Chicagoans that Lincoln Park *doesn't* close at 11 P.M. in August except when it is filled with political undesirables; and the Mayor's flouting of a convention ruling ("they won't stop Illinois from parading") has never been connected with his sanctimonious pronouncements on law, order and demonstrations. If the open-housing incidents of 1966 were a crisis for Daley's philosophy and style as Mayor, the 1968 Democratic Convention presented a crisis in his political role. As a true believer in Chicago as the convention capital of the world, transportation center of the nation, and "the largest and most highly diversified area on the face of the earth" (not to mention the side payments due the business community for its overwhelming support), Daley the Mayor wanted the convention for his city. As a Democratic leader last elected with 73 per cent of the vote, with nine Democratic Congressmen in his pocket, and a machine capable of making the difference in a close election (as 1960), Daley the party boss was in a good bargaining position.

The convention highlighted both of Daley's roles—he was Mayor of a city which had a stake in providing a hospitable and orderly convention; and he was a party boss with connections to the Johnson-Humphrey wing of the party. He had a stake in the *procedure* of the conven-

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tion as Mayor; he was vitally concerned with its *substance* as Democratic leader. It is easy to conclude that the party boss role won out. The string of obscenities directed toward Ribicoff, the galleries packed with organization goons, the preoccupation with convention security at the expense of political expression, and Daley's obvious involvement in the business of the convention all indicated an obsession with the necessity of political control. Yet Daley's preoccupation with security was at the same time an attempt to insure an orderly procedure; the organized cheering section and his reaction to Ribicoff's speech were as much a defense of his city as of himself and his faction. His praise of Chicago and the stockyards neighborhood in response to criticisms of his own conduct attests both to the merging of Daley's public philosophies and the overlap of his political roles as party leader and Mayor.

The spontaneous indignation which Daley exhibits at his press conferences is likewise often a direct result of attempts to link the two roles of Mayor and political leader. His unwillingness to acknowledge the overlap of—and sometimes contradiction between—these two positions results either in red-faced denials or in ludicrous statements which provide Chicagoans with a good deal of entertainment and very little useful information. Daley can go on record with a straight face and proclaim that "no appointment by the Mayor is made on the basis of religious attachment or along nationalistic lines," since the *Mayor* makes only nonpolitical appointments based on considerations of community harmony and individual merit. Politically, the criteria of religion, nationality and geography may be of greatest import, but Daley does not acknowledge the political content of his mayoral role. Through projection of this honest apolitical image he has shielded himself from criticism in the news conference and among the electorate.

At the same time, of course, many Chicago residents realize that Daley is a highly political man, and they admire his political skills. Many will argue that this is in fact what makes him "the best Mayor ever," better than the "reform" mayor who preceded him. But a look at the skills, myths and methods Daley has developed over the years—the isolation of constituencies, the separation of roles, and a bifurcated public philosophy—suggests that they are likely to become less effectivve as the past patterns of politics break down and may in the end hasten political change in Chicago.

Daley was successful as long as he could avoid confrontation, but he is no longer in control of the issues, and he has reacted in ways which make the question, "But is the best good enough?" very relevant, local opinion to the contrary notwithstanding. As the Mayor seeks a fifth consecutive term this April, the Democratic organization faces invigorated opposition from Republicans, independents and blacks. Daley will have to choose constituencies, choose philosophies, and defend his various roles and behaviors as he has not had to do in the past. He may well win, but politics in Chcago won't be the same. □

GUATEMALA: TERROR IN SILENCE

JOSEPH C. GOULDEN

Mr. Goulden, a Washington journalist, was reporting from Latin America in 1966 as an Alicia Patterson Fund fellow. The most recent of his four books is The Money Givers, *a critical study of foundations being published this month by Random House.*

Washington

The feared worst is coming to pass in Guatemala under the iron fist of Col. Carlos Arana Osorio, the 41-year-old army colonel who took power last July. A "pacification" campaign, grisly even by Guatemala's demanding standards, has cost the lives of more than 700 persons in the eight bloody months since then. The press is under strict censorship; the only news of "violence"—a euphemism for murders by the regime—that can be printed is what the government releases. The constitution has been suspended since November; an accompanying "state of siege" imposes a 9 P.M. to 5 A.M. curfew that applies even to fire brigades and medical doctors. And, most ominously, the primary targets of the violence are no longer "Communists and criminals" but non-Communist leftists. A legislator belonging to the embryonic Christian Democratic Party—a paralytic confined to a wheelchair—was recently shot down in daylight three blocks from the National Palace.

These chilling details were given to several U.S. Senators at off-the-record briefings here in early February by a ranking opposition leader who cannot be identified for the most basic of reasons. "If my name is published," he told me, "I will be killed when I return to Guatemala. I do not expect to live until our next Presidential election, which is in 1974. But I do not want to commit suicide." The politician—who shall be called Señor Domingo hereafter—is a man of unchallenged probity, well known in non-Communist leftist circles outside Guatemala. He is respected even by State Department officials who are policy-bound to support the Arana government that he opposes.

Señor Domingo met with Senators Church, Case and Kennedy to urge that they investigate the use of U.S. aid funds to finance Arana's oppressive national police. Although the United States spends only a relatively meager $4 million annually for AID in Guatemala, about half of that goes to the police. Of the thirty-seven persons in the AID mission in Guatemala City, six are identified as "public safety advisers" on the State Department's Foreign Service List. Military advisers spend an unrevealed amount equipping and training Arana's 12,000-man army.

Señor Domingo received a sympathetic but unproductive hearing. One Senate staff member remarked: "You could call Guatemala the Greece of the Western Hemisphere,

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but that wouldn't be accurate, for it's worse." There are other differences also. No North American correspondents reside in Guatemala, and the press of the United States ignores the country. (A recent laudable exception is *The Washington Post.*) Greece has Melina Mercouri and a claque of sympathetic Congressmen ever ready to denounce Athens' set of colonels. Guatemala has one lonely politician who must beg for an audience with U.S. officials, who are then outspokenly uninterested in the plight of a wretched, unglamorous little banana republic that most tourists avoid. Even those persons friendly to Señor Domingo see little hope that Congress will heed his pleas for a probe of the "public safety program" that channels AID funds to the political police in a host of foreign countries. "Speaking most candidly," one of these men said, "there are a lot bigger problems in the world, and I simply do not see that much Congressional interest in Guatemala."

Arana's performance as President is not surprising to anyone who followed his earlier career as an army officer. (See Goulden: "A Real Good Relationship," *The Nation,* June 1, 1970.) From 1966 to 1968 he commanded the military zone of Zacapa and acquired a reputation for efficiency and brutality in dealing with Communist-oriented guerrillas. *La Mano Blanca* (The White Hand), a paramilitary *campesino* group supported clandestinely by the military and businessmen and *finca* owners, effectively squashed the revolutionaries. By late 1968 the guerrillas were reduced to isolated incidents of urban terror, and for all practical purposes abandoned their attempt to create a revolutionary *foco* in eastern Guatemala. Arana, meanwhile, was sent to exile in Nicaragua for a complex, abortive attempt to overthrow the incumbent moderate President, Julio César Méndez Montenegro.

Señor Domingo, in an interview supported by documents he had smuggled out of Guatemala, ticked off four distinctive phases to the violence, beginning with Arana's return to seek the Presidency in early 1970 as a candidate of the *Movimiento de Liberación Nacional* (MLN), an extreme right-wing party whose leaders had financed *La Mano Blanca.*

¶ *The March 1970 elections.* According to Señor Domingo, "the elections were held in an atmosphere of terror and violence. Many politicians were killed, including more than five candidates for representative and candidates for mayor in several districts. In towns where 'pacification' had taken place, only the MLN candidates participated, due to threats and fears." Arana also received support from so-called "military commissioners" —civilians who assumed military authority in remote areas where no army units were stationed. In many instances, according to Señor Domingo, the commissioners guided *La Mano Blanca,* and a "great many of the murders" are attributable to them.

He is also quick to declare that the Communist guerrillas—MR-13 and Armed Rebel Forces, or FAR—resorted to violence during the campaign. The only faction to denounce violence was the Christian Democratic Party and an umbrella group to which it adhered, the National Front of the Democratic Left. Arana's MLN won 43 per cent of the vote and thirty-six of the fifty-five seats in the chamber of deputies; the National Front got 22 per cent but only four seats.

¶ *July-October 1970.* During these pre-censorship months, the Guatemalan press reported the political assassinations of 107 persons, but in cursory fashion. Many of the murders took place in the interior, and the victims were relatively unknown. Also, the press—which Señor Domingo describes as "rightist and independent"—had decided to cooperate with Arana and soft-pedal bad news, in order "not to create conditions of fear among the population."

Señor Domingo states: "These murders were done by anonymous groups without name or acronym, and not for the purpose of influencing public opinion. The perpetrators simply kidnapped, tortured and killed in the greatest silence."

The only identifiable terrorist group that emerged during the period was *Ojo Por Ojo* (Eye for an Eye), whose announced targets were the intellectuals. There were several assassinations on the campus of the national university, but after the faculty protested to Arana, the group melted away.

¶ *November 1970-January 1971.* During the night of November 12, the Arana government suddenly announced the most far-reaching suspension of the Guatemalan constitution in recent history. Obedient MLN deputies voted a stage of "constitutional dictatorship," under which the inviolability of the home no longer exists, and citizens can be jailed indefinitely without trial. According to one estimate, 1,600 arrests were made during the first fortnight of this stage of siege; house searches were ceaseless. Among those detained was Carlos Fuentes Mohr, a Canadian-trained economist who had been secretary of the treasury under President Méndez Montenegro, and who had aroused rightist ire by proposing tax reforms.

The government adopted an acknowledged but unannounced policy of disposing of "common criminals." Any person with more than ten arrests was dubbed a "habitual criminal" and made subject to summary execution. According to Señor Domingo, dozens of these persons were hauled from jail cells to the countryside and shot. They were then listed in army communiqués as "slain Communist guerrillas."

¶ *January 1971-present.* The guns are now being turned on political figures who have long eschewed violence. One early victim was Prof. Julio Camey Herrera, leader of the Guatemalan Labor (Communist) Party, a man who had frequently been threatened with death by the far-Left Castroists because he would support neither MR-13 or the FAR. Next came two independent labor union leaders, Jaime Monge Donis and Tereso de Jésus Oliva. The latter, an extraordinarily talented rural leader, had been director of the national Rural Christian Movement in Guatemala. Machine-gun fire killed Oliva as he left a church with his wife and child after a friend's wedding. Another national university professor, Alfonso Bauer Paíz, was gravely wounded, but survived because he was armed and fired back at his assailants.

The most shocking episode, said Señor Domingo, was the slaying of Prof. Adolfo Mijangos, a deputy of the National Front of the Democratic Left. Mijangos urged

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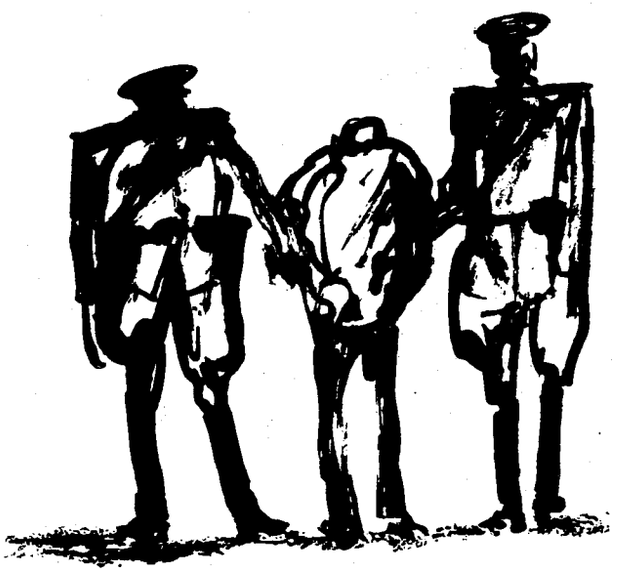
repeatedly in chamber speeches that the constitution be restored, that the government condemn and end the violence, and that a "civilized democratic dialogue be instituted in our country." Both friends and enemies warned Mijangos that he ran grave risks in speaking out so boldly against the Arana government, but he insisted on continuing. In January he told Señor Domingo: "Good Germans remained silent and look what Hitler did. I must speak." Domingo comments: "Mijangos was especially brave because he was crippled, and unable to dodge the bullets."

One evening in January Mijangos wheeled himself out of his office in downtown Guatemala City, three blocks from the National Palace, and was cut down by gunfire. The national police, after a perfunctory investigation, said they could find neither witnesses nor clues.

The death list goes on and on: an estimated twenty-five middle-echelon leaders of the Communist Party; such student leaders as Juan Luís Molina, an officer of the Association of Odontology Students; three journalists considered friendly to the opposition. Some of these persons —including the newsmen—simply disappeared, and must be assumed dead. On other occasions there is gory evidence—such as the thirteen corpses that were found near a volcano in late January.

What truly alarms Señor Domingo is that little concrete news of the oppression is being made available to Guatemalans. "The newspapers have been warned by the army that they cannot publish news of violence 'even if the event occurs in front of your reporters.' Only news of violence supplied by the government information office can be published. The editor of a morning newspaper witnessed the murder of labor leader Oliva but he was unable to publish the news until two days later, when it was released in the official bulletin. Newspapers cannot publish accounts of violence *that takes place in foreign countries.*"

Consequently, rumor intensifies the fear, and the populace watches in uninformed horror. In early January, for example, the army completely sealed off Guatemala City in the middle of Saturday afternoon and permitted no one to enter or leave the capital for seventy-two hours. Troops made a house-to-house search of the entire city.



Behrendt, Het Parool (Amsterdam)

What did they seek? No one knows, although varied *bolos* (rumors) bounced around the city: that Arana had been kidnapped, that the Vice President had been kidnapped; that a guerrilla leader had been trapped. The government propagandists said only that "it was within the special measures required by the present state of emergency." Señor Domingo terms the exercise "a show of force by the government."

What is Arana's long-range intention? "Members of the ruling MLN have stated repeatedly that they should get rid of political opposition by the next elections," Señor Domingo told me: "To achieve this, it seems that they have decided upon the physical disappearance of the leaders of the opposition, rather than exile. They have already started violence against institutional groups that have always been respectful of democratic norms and advocates of nonviolence, both in politics and in the labor movement.

"It is known with certainty that among the lists drawn up of persons to be murdered are the leaders of the democratic political opposition. . . ."

How institutionalized is Arana's terror regime? Señor Domingo says that the violence is directed by a four-man committee consisting of three cabinet ministers and the president of the Guatemalan congress, Mario Sandoval Alarcon, leader of the MLN. Sandoval is one of the more unsavory characters in Guatemalan politics. In 1954 he was a key collaborator in the CIA-sponsored invasion that overthrew the government of President Jacobo Arbenz Guzmán; for the last five years he has lived surrounded by bodyguards who protect him from FAR and MR-13. Candidly discussing his support of *La Mano Blanca* with journalist Norman Gall in 1966, Sandoval stated, "We feel that our operations should be carried forward to a definitive solution." He conceded that the government had been forced "to adopt a plan of illegality" but told Gall "this has brought results." Señor Domingo says that Sandoval has told his MLN followers that they "cannot let power be seized from them again," and that they must govern the country "for at least ten years" to fulfill their goal of "pacification." To Señor Domingo, Sandoval's present goal "means nothing less than the enthronement of a strong right-wing regime without any type of opposition, whether that be democratic or otherwise."

The four-man council headed by Sandoval sets broad policy for Arana's government. Implementation of their decisions is the responsibility of a second-tier group composed of two deputies, both former directors of *La Mano Blanca*, and a former military officer who served the right-wing governments of Presidents Miguel Ydígoras Fuentes and Enrique Peralta Azurdia. Finally, there are what Señor Domingo calls "the king's swordsmen," the squads of police and elite soldiers who carry out the actual killings.

In carefully nonspecific language Señor Domingo hints that the murders are sickening even to the military factions, and he indicates the most meaningful opposition to Arana might well spring from that source. The Guate-

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malan military is politically volatile and has produced strong men both of the Right (Ydígoras Fuentes, Peralta and Arana, among others) and of the Left (Arbenz and Marco Antonio Yon Sosa, the slain leader of the MR-13). The question is, as Señor Domingo admits, whether an emerging military opposition would be simply another power-for-power's-sake band of colonels or men akin to the Peruvian nationalists, bent upon reform rather than further repression.

One faction in official Washington contends that Arana, when all is said and done, will "turn out to be a pretty good President." This collective opinion is that he is carrying out messy but necessary housecleaning, and that elimination of the "supportive infrastructure" is essential to complete eradication of the FAR and MR-13. That the victims include ostensibly respectable politicians is dismissed as an operational necessity, and this segment of Washington does not share Señor Domingo's assertion that many of the dead were innocent bystanders. But since this agency does not display its dossiers to outsiders, its argument, if accepted, must be taken on faith.

One senses a distinct feeling of embarrassment among the State Department and military officials who so warmly embraced Arana when he was fighting the FAR and MR-13 in Zacapa five years ago. Arana did all the right things with civic action; he drilled water wells and ran nutrition clinics for starving children and seemed serious about good works. Simultaneously, of course, he was hedging his bets: civic action was the carrot; *La Mano Blanca* a damnably potent stick. Whatever he believed in 1966, his current approach was graphically expressed in a speech he made to the Chamber of Deputies in November, shortly after imposition of the state of siege:

> You elected Arana and Caceres Lenhoff [the Vice President] and you gave them this mandate: to pacify the country and put an end to the crime wave. *You did not place any conditions upon them, and you did not tell them how to do it. . . .*
>
> The government you elected made a promise, and is going to keep that promise, no matter what the cost, no matter who may not like it, *even if it must take recourse to very drastic measures in order to save the country. . . .*" (Emphasis added.) □

TAX REFORM

THE LOOPHOLES STILL WITH US

JOSEPH A. RUSKAY
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If there was any doubt as to where the Administration stood on the issue of tax reform, it was dispelled during the President's nationally televised news conference early in January. Apparently in response to outcries from his conservative constituency, that taxes were too high, Mr. Nixon made it clear that he would not ask Congress for a tax increase, still less for a program of meaningful income and estate tax reform.

The President now urges the Congress to adopt a measure calling for the federal government to share part of its already overcommitted revenues with the states and cities; and, in order to pay for it, he toys with a new "value added" tax—a tax which, by whatever name it is called, would in effect be a sales tax borne by the consuming public. At the same time, in complete contradiction of these professed goals, the Administration has quietly given its blessing to a multibillion tax cut for business in the form of more liberal depreciation deductions for equipment.

This refusal of the President to face up to fiscal realities is all the more striking in view of repeated forecasts by the Treasury of serious budgetary problems which the Administration is sure to incur as the result of a shortage of revenues, a good part of which is attributable to the ill-advised Tax Reform Act of 1969. That Act not only left the most important loopholes favoring wealthy taxpayers almost undisturbed but enacted tax cuts which far outweigh the revenue gain from its mild dose of reform. Rep. Henry Reuss, a leader of the Democratic Study Group in Congress, has called the revenue loss from the 1969 Act, which the Treasury estimates will reach nearly $8 billion a year by 1975, a "time bomb."

Meanwhile the demand for massive federal spending on education, health, housing, slum clearance, environmental controls and other social needs, not to mention the cries of the state and city governments for a share of Washington's tax revenue, continues to mount. Soon government expenditures will be outstripping government revenues by substantial margins, with the inevitable result that the Administration will soon be looking around for more tax money. But where should it come from? Hardly from the average middle-income taxpayer, whose federal, state and local tax burden is already more than he can bear. The obvious answer is that the Congress should finish the job of tax reform on which it made such a timid start in 1969. It has been estimated that, by eliminating the numerous remaining escape hatches in the federal tax law which favor our wealthier citizens, the government could increase its tax intake by $15 billion to $20 billion a year.

The 1969 law, it is true, put an end to some of the unwarranted tax breaks enjoyed by investors in business real estate (though not by owners of residential properties); reduced, without eliminating, certain tax advantages of banking institutions; did away with a number of tax gimmicks in the area of philanthropy, and with the production payment tax shelter in mineral transactions. It

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also phased out, over a six-year period, the ability of large business organizations operating in multi-corporate form to avail themselves of the lower tax rates intended only for small businessmen; subjected to taxation the business activities of church organizations that are unrelated to their religious functions; imposed stricter rules on the financial operations of private foundations, and eliminated in part the 25 per cent ceiling on the taxation of capital gains.

But the biggest loopholes are still available: tax-exempt interest on state and local bonds, depletion allowances and other privileges for investors in oil, gas and other minerals, and the still heavily favored treatment of capital gains in securities and other investments, including the special status accorded to stock options, timber, livestock and other farming operations, and to other categories of property. Moreover, the use of generation-skipping trusts to reduce or entirely avoid estate taxes, and the exemption from capital gains taxation of gains realized by heirs or other beneficiaries of property received at death or by gift, are areas that remain untouched.

In the declining stock market of the last year or so corporate executives have found exercising stock options less attractive than in the past. But now that the market has turned around, stock options have again come into vogue, permitting high-echelon executives to pick up bargains in millions of dollars worth of corporate stock, with the profit, if it is taxable at all, figured (except as it may be subject to the very limited impact of the "minimum income tax") only at favorable capital gains rates. Apart from the unwarranted tax advantages they confer, stock options are inherently unfair to the millions of other stockholders of the corporations which grant them. As the executive director of the *Commercial and Financial Chronicle* told a Congressional committee some years ago, stock options are nothing more or less than a "heads I win, tails you lose" proposition—"a free stock market ride without risk of loss that has nothing to do with managerial effort."

As for petroleum, despite all the publicity given to the inequities of the depletion allowance, the deductions for intangible drilling and the other special tax preferences, the industry emerged almost unscathed. The reduction in the depletion allowance from 27.5 per cent to 22 per cent cannot be regarded as anything but tokenism; and the privilege of writing off all drilling and development costs against current income, viewed by many as netting even greater benefits than depletion, has not been disturbed.

President Nixon, in response to the so-called taxpayers' revolt of a few years ago, had vowed to take a hard look at the tax immunities of the petroleum industry, but in the end he surrendered to the oil and gas lobby. Through its Treasury spokesmen, the Administration sought to justify its support of the trivial reform on the ground that oil producers must be given incentives to induce them to invest in further exploration. But during the tax hearings Senator Miller reminded the Assistant Secretary of the Treasury that oil producers would, under the Administration bill, reap the same tax advantages, whether or not they "plowed back" their savings from the depletion allowance into further exploration.

The Congress, as so often in the past, backed away from meddling with the tax-exempt interest on state and municipal bonds, a favorite investment for wealthy individuals and corporations, and a preference that until recently has been decried by almost every Secretary of the Treasury since Andrew Mellon. A parade of officials representing state and local governments appeared before the tax-writing committees of the House and Senate to plead that eliminating this tax shelter would substantially increase their cost of borrowing funds. Congress thereupon abstained, despite the fact that a number of alternatives were at hand for compensating state and local governments for this disadvantage, without at the same time giving a limited group of taxpayers (including the widow of the automobile magnate Horace E. Dodge, whose husband left her enough such bonds to provide an income of about $2 million a year, all tax free) a preference not available to the great majority of their fellow citizens.

As was expected, a number of glaring tax abuses connected with philanthropy were done away with. No longer will it be possible for high-bracket taxpayers actually to make money by giving it away; for example by selling at their original cost, to a favorite alma mater or church, stock on which they have a short-term gain, thereby giving away their profit, but still coming out ahead overall because of the tax benefits of the charitable deduction. However, the biggest tax loophole in this area remains: the donation to charity of stock, real estate and other assets that have appreciated substantially in value, which permits the donor to obtain a charitable deduction, against other sources of income, of the full appreciated value of the gift, while escaping the payment of any capital gains tax. In the end, the pleas of the universities, museums, hospitals and other charitable institutions, that the elimination of this tax privilege might dry up their traditional sources of funds, overcame the obvious inequity of permitting the wealthy to continue to derive huge tax advantages from their philanthropy.

One of the biggest remaining loopholes is the escape from capital gains taxation of securities and other assets that pass on death to heirs, or which are given away during the donor's lifetime. Capital gains have been compared to the proverbial iceberg. The portion above the surface represents the sales and transfers of property on which a capital gains tax is paid (although of course at a preferential rate). But by far the largest part of the iceberg, hidden from view, represents the enormous appreciation in value of assets on which no capital gains tax is ever paid, because their owners retain them until death and pass them on to their heirs. Similarly, gifts of property during lifetime may escape capital gains tax if the donee holds them until he in turn dies.

A well-to-do investor owning 5,000 shares of IBM worth $1.5 million, but which cost him only a few thousand dollars many years before, would, if he sold the shares, have to pay a capital gains tax of several hundred thousand dollars on his profit. But if instead he holds on to the stock and leaves it to his children, by which time it may be worth as much as $2.5 million, no capital gains tax will have to be paid by anyone, even should the children a week after his death sell the shares for $2.5

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million. It has been estimated that every year $22 billion worth of appreciation in stocks, real estate and other property passed on to heirs at death, or given away in the form of lifetime gifts, escapes the capital gains tax, and that as a result the Treasury loses about $3.5 billion annually in revenues.

At a hearing before the Senate Finance Committee a few years ago, a conservative spokesman angrily attacked a proposal to tax capital gains of this sort on the ground that the event of death did not constitute a "realization" of gain. To tax the appreciation in value accumulating at death, where in fact there had been no sale, would, he insisted, be taxing what was merely a "paper profit." But only the day before, the committee had heard a witness describe in great detail how "paper losses" from depreciation and depletion, permitted him in connection with his oil operations, had eliminated his taxes altogether by offsetting profits of several millions of dollars in dividends on marketable securities.

Because of the excessively generous exemptions and exceptions in the gift-tax law, wealthy people will continue to keep their income in the family and save on taxes at the same time. By transferring, over a period of years, portions of their wealth to their children or grandchildren, affluent parents can substantially reduce their own high income tax rate, while at the same time providing other family members with incomes taxed at much lower rates, or perhaps not taxed at all. Result: substantial savings in the overall family tax bill every year.

For years Congress has toyed with the idea of reforming the estate tax law but thus far nothing has been done. Meanwhile, wealthy people continue to enjoy a host of immunities from estate taxation by the use of the marital deduction, lifetime tax-free gift programs, family trusts, life insurance and other devices. Probably the most important of these tax-saving techniques is the widespread use of trusts. People with large fortunes, instead of leaving their property outright to their heirs, can afford, by creating trusts, to pass their wealth on from one generation to another, thereby minimizing or entirely avoiding estate taxes. As a result, a succession of family beneficiaries are able, for all practical purposes, to enjoy virtually the same rights and privileges as if they owned the property outright, without having the family fortune reduced by estate taxes. Leading bank officials acknowledge that by means of these "generation skipping" trusts, well-to-do families avoid the payment of estate taxes for three and even four generations.

When William Randolph Hearst died in 1951 he left a fortune estimated at hundreds of millions of dollars. His property was placed in a family trust which will continue in effect until well into the 21st century, when the last of his surviving grandchildren pass away. While a substantial estate tax was paid in 1951 when Hearst died, in all likelihood no additional estate taxes will be due on this enormous wealth as it continues to appreciate, until the year 2050, and perhaps even later. As an article in *Forbes* put it a few years ago:

> The trust terminates on the death of the last surviving son and/or grandchild who was alive at the time of the death of the first William Randolph Hearst, which, with normal life expectancies, should get it well past the year 2000. By that time the corporation should be worth—at a guess and barring cataclysms—quite a few billions of dollars. Enough, to say the least, to make it again one of the greatest American fortunes—perhaps the greatest.

While theoretically people with large investment incomes are subject to tax rates as high as 70 per cent, in actuality most of them pay an effective rate that is shockingly low. Moreover the income tax-rate structure is itself inequitable. It is not truly progressive or consistent with the principle of ability to pay, since the narrowest brackets and the steepest increases in rates occur toward the bottom of the rate scale. Indeed, the idea of progressive rates on which our tax system is supposedly based has been further impaired under the Tax Reform Act of 1969 by the substantial cuts in tax rates granted to high-salaried executives on whose six-figure incomes a 50 per cent (rather than 70 per cent) maximum rate will now be applicable. This "reform" prompted Senator Gore to complain to the Secretary of the Treasury that under the new law the rate applicable to the Senator's secretary, earning $26,000, would be almost as high as the rate payable by the President of U.S. Steel on his salary of more than half a million.

Even the special bill—that tax dodge, so dear to the hearts of the more influential figures on Capitol Hill, which ostensibly applies to all taxpayers alike, but is actually tailored to the situation of a particular individual or corporation—is still with us. As one Senator, a member of the Senate Finance Committee, is said to have remarked: "What's the good of being on this committee if you can't get through a little old amendment now and then."

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In this way, a number of taxpayers were singled out under the 1969 Act for special dispensation; they included Mobil Oil Corporation, Uniroyal, Inc., Lockheed Aircraft Corp., Litton Industries, Transamerica Corp., the McDonnell-Douglas Corp., the Morris & Gwendolyn Cafritz Foundation, and a radio station operated by Loyola University in New Orleans.

The new law does contain a so-called minimum tax of 10 per cent on certain tax-sheltered sources of income. But as its name implies, it is indeed a minimum tax. Not only need interest on tax-exempt state and local bonds not be included in the computation but a substantial annual exemption permits persons with large receipts from oil operations and capital gains from securities, etc., to shelter much of it from even the minimum tax. Finally, the force of this tax is largely blunted by the failure to adopt a companion proposal which would have required persons with large amounts of tax-sheltered receipts to allocate their personal deductions between their tax-sheltered and taxable incomes.

In spite of the extremely mild impact of the new minimum tax, tax conservatives were not satisfied. A short time ago, during the final hours of the last Congress, with about three minutes being allowed to each member for debate, and without a roll-call vote, Congress adopted a number of bills favoring specially privileged taxpayers. One of these considerably watered down the minimum tax provision by an amendment which permits unused offsets to what would otherwise be a minimum tax on tax-free income to be carried over for seven years. As a result, the number of individuals who will completely escape even a minimum tax on their tax-sheltered incomes will multiply.

What are the prospects that further tax reform will plug the remaining major loopholes? The new Congress has before it the proposals of Wisconsin Congressman Reuss for major reforms of the Estate and Gift tax law. What other tax-reform measures are introduced will depend in large part on indications in the press and other media that there is broad public support for such legislation. Representative Reuss, a leading exponent of tax reform, said recently: "My guess is that the introduction of tax-reform legislation will follow, rather than precede, renewed public interest."

Most observers are skeptical. Public indignation over tax inequities, which reached a crescendo with the so-called "taxpayers revolt" of a few years ago, seems to have largely subsided.

Moreover, all the obstacles that have always faced the small band of tax reformers on Capitol Hill remain: the activities of highly paid lobbyists representing private-interest groups, the generally conservative complexion of the House Ways and Means Committee and the Senate Finance Committee, not to mention the bewildering complexities of the tax law itself. But the biggest block to reform is the fact that our lawmakers are subject to so many pressures, influences and temptations that it is a rare member of the House or Senate who is capable of a single-minded devotion to the public's interest in tax reform. Many have financial ties with law firms receiving substantial fees from wealthy individuals and large corporations that provide the chief sources of their campaign funds. Others have substantial interests in insurance companies, savings and loan associations, oil and gas producers, radio and television stations, real estate companies, and other businesses with a large stake in tax legislation. Since the prevailing code of ethics for members of Congress is so pathetically weak, there is no requirement that these ties and financial interests be fully disclosed. The fact that Russell Long, chairman of the Senate Finance Committee, and members of his family receive millions of dollars of income, largely tax-free, from investments in oil and gas properties, came to light some time ago, but the similar interests of many of Senator Long's colleagues have not been revealed.

The late Sen. Robert Kerr of Oklahoma, a substantial shareholder in Kerr-McGee Oil Industries, Inc., saw nothing wrong in his serving for years as a ranking member of the Senate Finance Committee which passed on tax laws affecting the oil and gas industry. "Why hell," he said, "if everyone abstained from voting on grounds of personal interest, I doubt if you could get a quorum in the United States Senate on any subject."

Our tax laws are so complicated and confusing that few Congressmen or Senators fully understand them, and that makes the job of the lawyers and other tax specialists lobbying for special interests all the easier. In this area reform could be enormously beneficial, since simplification of the law by eliminating the myriad of preferences, exemptions and exceptions which are used as tax loopholes, is one of the basic objectives of all tax reformers.

But granting all these obstacles, the skeptics may still be surprised. With the current recession now in its second year, accompanied by rising unemployment and inflation that affect more and more of those in the lower- and middle-income groups, a call for real tax reform, properly exploited, might be converted into a dramatic issue. The basic unfairness of the present tax system is something that can perhaps be brought home to the so-called "silent majority"—including the working people, whether their collars be blue or white, and the various ethnic groups who are supposed to have moved to the Right.

A few years ago, the late Sen. Robert Kennedy roused widespread public indignation when he revealed that a score or more of people with incomes of $1 million and better were paying not one penny in taxes. Today, while most such people are unable to avoid taxes entirely, many escape with ludicrously small payments. A major campaign issue could be launched around the inequities detailed above. And the fact that the steepest increases in tax rates apply to persons with modest incomes, while the more gradual increases occur in the higher brackets, may impress "hard-hatted" construction workers more than do the antics of a few campus revolutionaries. If, at the same time, the general public can be made to realize that the rehabilitation of our institutions and environment cannot be accomplished without billions in additional tax revenues, and that a good part of this money will be available if the remaining tax shelters are eliminated, tax reform could well be fashioned into an explosive bread-and-butter issue in 1971. □

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THE BERKELEY SCHEME

NEIGHBORHOOD POLICE

JEROME H. SKOLNICK
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Decentralization is increasingly prescribed as a remedy for the urban ills of America. Even President Nixon picked up the theme in his recent State of the Union address, and even he immediately ran into the problems of dislodging entrenched institutions that have grown with years of centralized officialdom.

If "revenue sharing" represents a Republican Administration's idea of decentralization at the national level, "community control" of such public services as schools and police is emerging as its local counterpart, particularly where urban residential patterns and styles of life can be readily distinguished from those of the officials who occupy positions of formal power.

One of the most interesting and controversial efforts to implement a program of community control is under consideration in Berkeley, Calif., in the form of a proposal, to be voted on next month, that the City Charter be amended to establish police departments serving the so-called "Black Area" of West Berkeley; the "Campus Area" of South Central Berkeley that would include both the university and the major downtown shopping area; and the "White Area" of Thousand Oaks, Claremont and the North Berkeley Hills. These would be further divided into five neighborhoods (two in the "Black Area," two in the "White" and one in the "Campus") each governed by a police council of fifteen, elected by neighborhood precincts. Each council would select a police commissioner, who would run his police department subject to the review and instructions of his council. Whatever the alleged merits or defects of the proposal, there is general agreement in Berkeley that this is *the* political issue of the April 6th city election.

The impetus for the proposal came from the Black Panther Party, especially from Bobby Seale who urged a radical coalition to work for community control of the police. Some, including the Progressive Labor Party and the Weathermen, considered the proposal too moderate and unrealistic. Only a general revolution, they felt, would end police oppression in America. But a proposal by the Panthers to work within the system is hardly vulnerable to criticism from the Left.

Both initial support and initial opposition to the Charter Amendment seemed to correspond with affinity or hostility toward the Panthers and the closely associated National Committee to Combat Fascism. Local newspaper editorials denounced the proposal as anarchic and outlandish, really quite beyond serious consideration. A vote for the proposal was made to appear a vote for the kind of people who go around screaming "Off the Pigs." Several events, together with the public stance of certain supporters, helped solidify this conception of what is in fact a complex charter amendment. After the Marin County shoot-out, the Panthers hailed Jonathon Jackson as a hero and willy-nilly associated violent revolution with community control of the police. Second, in the wake of the "Off the Pig" rhetoric, a Berkeley policeman was shot to death in the street early one morning, in cold blood and for no apparent reason. He turned out to have spent his childhood during World War II in an internment camp for Japanese. Finally, a rash of bombings and bomb threats during the fall gave an increasingly violent image to such groups as Red Family, who were conspicuous in supporting the community police proposal. Many liberals, even those in Berkeley, found it hard to take seriously a proposal so closely associated with these groups. That other Berkeley radicals and Left liberals with solid professional credentials in law and criminology also supported the proposal seemed, at first, less evident. But with time, the materials issued by proponents began to sound more and more analytic and responsible; they even backed the idea with quotes from former Atty. Gen. Ramsey Clark and the President's Commission on Crime and the Administration of Justice. Public support also broadened to include newly elected Rep. Ron Dellums. It became clear that to win or even to garner a respectable vote, the proposal would have to appeal to a Berkeley constituency beyond radicals, street people and a few scattered hill liberals.

When considered on its merits, the proposal makes more sense than the early rhetoric suggested. The polemical title, "Community Control of the Police," helped mobilize anti-police activists to obtain ballot signatures. Yet it might have fared better as "A Proposal for the Establishment of Neighborhood Police Forces." Actually, that is the heart of the amendment. It is based upon the theory that police planning and policy should be concentrated in smaller neighborhood units, particularly where these are associated with existing racial or cultural patterns. It also presupposes the belief that community residents should participate heavily in their own policing. Opponents of the proposal give the impression that a vote for it means a vote for such groups as the Black Panthers and the Red Family, but that is not at all implicit in the proposal. Since voting will be by district, it is doubtful that such groups could control the newly created police boards.

Other objections to the proposal seem more telling. First, there is the question of the size of Berkeley. Although no longer the middle-class white suburb of San Francisco it was twenty-five years ago, Berkeley is still a relatively small community both in size (15.75 square miles) and in population (113,165). The entire population of Berkeley—black and white—could be swallowed

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up by a segment of New York's East Harlem. Moreover, although the breakdown into neighborhoods itself makes some sense, most neighborhoods lack homogeneity and even a sense of identity. For instance, the area to be covered by Police Department 3, Division A, is heavily populated by students, lightly by blacks, and by whites of varying social class. When pressed, proponents of the proposal say that Berkeley's small size is an advantage, because it will force the five police boards to develop policies together. But then, one wonders, why the breakdown at all?

A related criticism concerns the economics of the proposal. Under the plan, the police budget for the city is to be set by the Berkeley City Council and divided—along with existing files and equipment—among the new departments. Funds would automatically be apportioned on the basis of population. Accordingly, only about a third of the total police budget would go to the "Black Area" while nearly half would fall to the "White." It seems questionable that government funds ought to be distributed on the basis of population, particularly where urban services are concerned. If the proposal is passed, Berkeley might find itself saddled with a radical proposal that enriches the well-to-do by taking money from the poor.

Another controversial provision is the proposal's requirement that all police live in the area governed by the local board. This is inconsistent on its face—if neighborhoods are to decide what their police should be like, then neighborhood boards should be allowed to decide where local police may live. There are two final and related major objections to the proposal. One is whether the whole conception isn't too unwieldy. Does a city the size of Berkeley really require five police boards consisting of seventy-five people, and will these ever be able to agree on anything? The proponents assume that people, especially poor people, have all kinds of free time and public interest. In fact, it may well turn out that those who control the community boards will be precisely the sort of people who presently control the City Council. Middle-class people are responded to in Berkeley (and elsewhere) because they know how to say and do the things that get response. Will poor blacks, for example, do any better under the bureaucracy of a local board?

Finally, there will probably be considerable litigation if the proposal should pass, partly because some opponents are so bitter that they will take to the courts on any grounds whatsoever, and partly because the proposal is at times badly drafted. For example, police commissioners may be recalled "by a petition bearing the signatures of 20 per cent of the number of people voting in the precincts comprising the neighborhood to which the commissioner is responsible." Does "number of people voting" mean registered voters, or does it mean those who voted in the last election? Since a significant percentage of registered voters normally do not vote, it might mean that a police commissioner could be recalled by obtaining signatures of only 15 per cent of the voters in any district. One wonders who would take the job.

Considered in these terms, the proposal seems problematic. It has generated interest in Berkeley, though, more as an expression of dissatisfaction with present police policies and actions than in response to a careful study of its provisions. If the proposal has flaws, the police-crime situation in Berkeley has elicited few cheers. Part of the problem is that the Berkeley Police Department is judged against its own history. Some years ago, for instance, Albert Deutsch, in *The Trouble with Cops,* singled out Berkeley's Police Department as a model for the rest of the country to emulate. Even in those days, however, Berkeley was not the rest of the country. Under Chief August Vollmer, the Berkeley Police Department was able to recruit a force of well-educated young men who were trained to be polite and courteous. To one coming from the East, as Deutsch did, the Berkeley Police Department must really have seemed miraculous. There was only one hitch in the beautiful dream. At the time, Berkeley had little crime. It was a nice, respectable, white middle-class suburb and university town not at all comparable to New York or even Jersey City.

In 1971, Berkeley is still small but it has a growing black population, a sizable concentration of itinerant street people, a politically active student body, a menacing drug problem, lots of political demonstrations and a history of riots. Those supporting community control charge that police have been largely responsible for the riots, and there is some substance to their charge. Moreover, there is no doubt that Berkeley is not easily understood by the average white suburban cop, even if he should happen to hold a degree from a junior or state college. The philosophy of J. Edgar Hoover dominates the police departments of America, and Berkeley's cannot escape the dominant assumptions of contemporary law enforcement. Thus like every other police department, it has zealously guarded its complaint system against any civilian incursions. It is heavily engaged in preparing for counter-insurgency tactics, and gets along quite well with other policing agencies—all while the crime rate rises. Without doubt, the views of the average Berkeley policeman do not represent the politics of a city that sent a black "radic-lib" to the U.S. Congress. Moreover, it is possible that the plan, if passed, would bring new blood into Berkeley policing, attracting graduates from various California campuses who wouldn't dream of joining the present department, but who might sign up for a radical experiment. Proponents of the amendment argue that experimentation is good and that in this case any change would be for the better.

No analysis of the merits of the proposal can divorce it from such considerations. Not only has the proposal implications for the future political lineup in Berkeley but also Berkeley itself is a symbol of social change. What happens here has national and international meaning for youth—and for police. In all probability, the proposal will lose. To win, it must gain the unified support of the black community and of the hill liberals and there is too much opposition from politically powerful forces in both communities to give it much chance. But whether it wins or loses, it will have an effect. It will demand that its critics come up with something better, and it will probably promote change, if not this year, or precisely in this way. □

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BOOKS & THE ARTS

Through the Looking Glass

FICTION AND THE FIGURES OF LIFE. *By William H. Gass. Alfred A. Knopf. 288 pp. $6.95.*

BEVERLY GROSS
Miss Gross, former literary editor of The Nation, *teaches English at Queens College. She is co-editor of* The Shapes of Fiction: Open and Closed *(Holt, Rinehart & Winston).*

"That novels should be made of words, and merely words, is shocking, really. It's as though you had discovered that your wife were made of rubber." So characteristic of William Gass—the rudimentary observation upon which is to be built a systematic analysis of the medium of fiction; the easy wit; the necessary metaphor. Gass's style, verbal and philosophic, is dominated by metaphors. And fiction, he tells us in metaphoric terms, is itself a metaphor—a model of the world, a "*figure* of life":

> On the other side of a novel lies the void. Think, for instance, of a striding statue; imagine the purposeful inclination of the torso, the alert and penetrating gaze of the head and its eyes, the outstretched arm and pointing finger; everything would appear to direct us toward some goal in front of it. Yet our eye travels only to the finger's end, and not beyond. Though pointing, the finger bids us stay instead, and we journey slowly back along the tension of the arm. In our hearts we know what actually surrounds the statue. The same surrounds every other work of art: empty space and silence.

A fictive creation is as autonomous as God's; a fictive character lives not because he reminds us of people we've met and known but because we meet and know *him*. These are Gass's two fundamental tenets—simple, self-evident too if we bother to think about it for ourselves. The point, though, is that we hardly ever bother, and if by chance we should, we usually get no further than the bare truisms. Gass's four major essays on fiction all begin with or are posed upon such accessible generalities ("So much of philosophy is fiction"; "It seems a country-headed thing to say: that literature is language"; "A great character has an endless interest; its fascination never wanes. Indeed it is a commonplace to say so"; "The novelist, indeed, has a passion for the unimportant"). But out of these commonplaces grows a speculative structure that pierces not only the heart of the matter but the heart. Entirely characteristic, too, is Gass's justification for the truistic beginning: "Occasionally we should allow the trite to tease us into thought, for such old friends, the clichés of our life, are the only strangers we can know."

Novelist and professor of philosophy, Gass writes a rare and wonderful cross-bred kind of criticism. *Fiction and the Figures of Life* is a compilation of pieces written over the last few years, all of them published elsewhere, many of them book reviews. A patchwork, yes, but a real book, integrated by mind (the best thing to be said about it) if not entirely by matter (the worst, alas, to be said).

"The art of the novel is now a mature art . . ." Gass writes, "and the prospect of a comprehensive esthetic that will provide for its understanding and its judgment is promising and grand. The novel is owed this." The closest Gass himself comes to this quest is in the initial four essays, which are the core of his book: "Philosophy and the Form of Fiction," "The Medium of Fiction," "The Concept of Character in Fiction," and "In Terms of the Toenail." Rich in stipulations about what we see and feel in life and in books, in rigorous analyses of the workings of images and metaphors, in reflections about form, language and belief, these essays are still far from providing any "comprehensive esthetic." The pieces are not structurally linked, and even as separate essays their method is far more inspirational than analytical. They are promptings toward a vision, but not the vision itself.

And yet what a prompter Gass is. The "toenail" of his fourth, most provocative and impassioned essay is an image taken from a bit of dialogue in Malcolm Lowry's *Under the Volcano*, a metaphor for metaphors. Lowry's novel becomes in this essay a kind of toenail for the whole fictive mode:

> We shall never verify this history. It rests nowhere in our world. Our world, in the first place, lacks significance; it lacks connection. If I swallow now—what of it? if I pass a cola sign—no matter; if I pet a striped cat, or tell a tiny lie, put down the tenth page of the *Times* to train my puppy—nothing's changed. And the real mountains of Mexico, those two chains which traverse the republic, exist despite us and all our feelings. But the Popocatepetl of the novel is yet another mountain. . . . Lowry is constructing a place, not describing one; he is making a Mexico for the mind where, strictly speaking, there are no menacing volcanoes, only menacing phrases, where complex chains of concepts traverse our consciousness, and where, unlike history, events take place in the moment that we read them—over and over as it may be, irregularly even, at widely separated times—whenever we restore these notes to music.

Not an aesthetic really, but maybe better than that—Gass's criticism is the reason for an aesthetic, as religion is the reason for theology.

Writing elsewhere of the challenge to critics presented by the works of Gertrude Stein to examine "the ontological status of the artist's vision, his medium, and his effect," Gass adds, in a footnote, "I am always calling for such a program . . . but I never do much more than cry out." It may also be true, as Gass says in his preface, that he "is one who puts out his principles like flags, and then lowers the flags to half-mast." But the rhythm and perhaps the force too of these core essays come from this raising and lowering: the sudden, disconcerting shifts between program and passion, between analytics and outpourings, between ontology and trivia; the intermittent weaving in and out through the essays of his guiding idea—disappearing for a time while other business moves forward, reappearing, often unexpectedly, altered, more refined and riper, more comprehensible and also more mysterious for the accretion of experience around it and the accumulation of points of view upon it. His way with ideas in these essays is not very different from his way with characters in *Omensetter's Luck*.

The publisher's comparison of *Fiction and the Figures of Life* with Auerbach's *Mimesis* is not felicitous. It points up something that might otherwise be passed over: what an act of mild chicanery it was to pose the collection of critical essays, cultural and philosophic articles, and book reviews as an aesthetic treatise. The pose is only half-struck: the misleading, oh so promising title; the superabundance of footnotes cross-referencing the articles, meant pre-

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sumably to suggest that they really have some formulative relationship (the first essay has nine of these, referring fifteen times to other pieces in the book). An honest reflection about all this is offered in Gass's preface: "If there is not, among these pieces, the promised community of the completed jigsaw, I have tried, with revisions and arrangements, to make it seem so."

The best of the minor pieces in the jigsaw include Gass's considerations of Gertrude Stein, Borges and Henry James (there are several essays on, and many references to Henry and William James, novelist and philosopher in brotherly competition). There are two philosophic pieces, "The Stylization of Desire" and "The Case of the Obliging Stranger," works of ethical analysis, fanciful and as hard as nails. And some essays on culture, "The Artist and Society" and "Even If, by All the Oxen in the World," an assault on the vacuity of popular culture.

The great majority of the selections, though, are book reviews, but book reviews that transcend their occasions and have something lasting to proclaim. And even without the footnotes, it is clear that the theoretic matter of the first four essays is usefully amplified in these "practical" criticisms. "The Shut-In," a brilliant essay on I. B. Singer, brings into sharpest focus the particular philosophic bent of Gass's criticism: what he is offering in *Fiction and the Figures of Life* are notes toward a phenomenology of fiction. Gass isolates "the primitive materiality" of Singer's approach, Singer who "empties out the mind the way small boys turn out their pockets."

> For Singer, speech is an act like tugging at one's beard. Announcement, it's something solely to be heard. "Gold, gold, gold," cries a seller of oranges. "Brothers, we are lost. Let us blaspheme God," says a horse dealer. "What is there to forgive? You have been a good and faithful wife," declares Gimpel the fool. The characters think, of course, but their thought is only reported to us; we don't see the process; we are handed careful sums. They lust; they fear; they wonder: all of which means that in very specified ways, they behave.

He approaches in a similar way that "flatland junkyard": consciousness in the stories of Donald Barthelme:

> At home I rest from throwing pots according to instructions by dipping in some history of the Trojan war; the fête of Vietnam is celebrated on the telly; my daughter's radio is playing rock—perhaps it's used cars or Stravinsky; my wife is telling me she loves me, is performing sexercises with a yogi Monday, has accepted a proposal to be photoed without clothing, and now wonders if the draft will affect the teaching of freshman chemistry. Put end to end like words, my consciousness is a shitty run of category errors and non sequiturs. Putting end to end and next to next is Barthelme's method. . . .

Gass does not put on philosophic airs: the word "phenomenology" does not appear once in his book. But his view of fiction is generated out of the conviction that all the holy abstractions about it—consciousness, imagination, reality—are rooted in the only solid presence there is on the page: the grit of words. He contests Ortega's claim that "words are windows through which something can be seen." No, Gass argues, "words are opaque, as opaque as my garden gloves and trowels." He contests Hume's claim that imagination "can feign a train of events with all the appearance of reality"; no, Gass says, there is no *appearance* of reality in the creation of and response to fiction but reality itself, a reality of its own devising.

The empiricist Hume would see fiction as a tolerable diversion to which, unless we are mad, there is no possibility of according belief: a pleasant game, a pastime, but ultimately a dim imitation of reality. Gass denies that fiction is a dim imitation, that it is imitation at all (the comparison with

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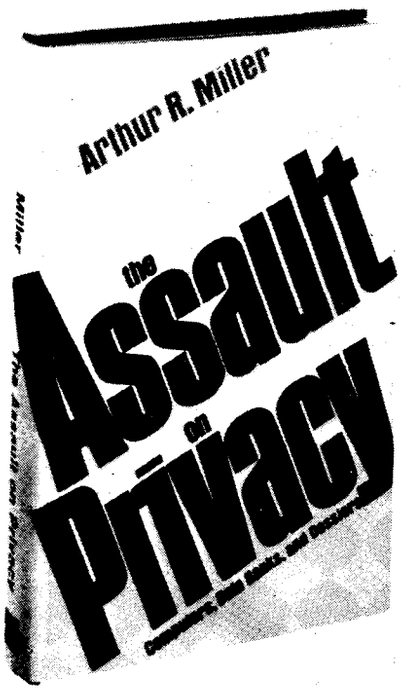

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Auerbach's *Mimesis* was indeed infelicitous). Take character for instance. "If we follow Hume, we think we picture things through language because we substitute, on cue, particular visual memories of our own, and the more precisely language defines its object, the less likely we are to find a snapshot in our book to fit it." Which would mean, if Hume is right, that the most vivid, interesting, and memorable fictive characters are so because their creators molded them to the shapes and discernible personalities contained in some universal photo album. In high school I was told that Hamlet is a universal character; I never understood that. Gass's argument, quite simply, is that Hamlet is not like anyone in this universe. Any resemblance to persons living or dead is purely coincidental, and distracting really. We respond to Hamlet only if we see him as a particular individual, alive in his world and not in ours.

"To create a character," Gass says, "is to give meaning to an unknown X; it is *absolutely* to *define*; and since nothing in life corresponds to these Xs, their reality is borne by their name. They *are*, where it *is*." The characters of fiction are "unlike ourselves, freed from existence"; they "can shine like essence, and purely Be." They live, not because they remind us of the man next door but because they are "primary substances," very much like David Hume himself who lived from 1711 to 1776, or William Gass, novelist and philosopher, the creator of certain primary substances inhabiting imaginary places with names like Indiana and Ohio.

"The work of a novelist insufficiently off duty" is Gass's own description of his book, half apology, half proclamation. His preface, like many of the essays, thrives on the dualism of its claims. Gass sees not only both sides of the coin but through both sides of—recurrent image of these essays—the mirror. "Strange spectacle—" he says, "we observe an author trying to be both philosopher and critic by striving to be neither." Strange spectacle indeed, since the author "we" are observing is himself. The mirror here, as elsewhere, is to be inferred.

He is not much interested in the kind of mirror before which preens that dandy Nabokov whose novels, Gass says, are used "to hold the mirror up to Nabokov." Nor is his interest that blasted cliché, which he staunchly rejects, old friend though it may be, of the novel as a mirror to the world. In his essay on popular culture he uses a mirror image for another kind of rejection: "Imagine that a mirror, nothing falling into it, began reflecting itself: what a terrifying endlessness and mockery of light—merely to illuminate its own beams." "Mirrors are abominable," he says in his essay on Borges, because of their frightening power to reproduce the world before them; Gass notes with some interest Borges' suggestion "that one day the imprisoned creatures in our looking glasses will cease to imitate us; fish will stir in the panes as though in clear water; and 'we will hear from the depths of mirrors the clatter of weapons.' "

Gass's own looking glass is like Alice's, not a plane off which images bounce but a medium through which one passes lightly and easily from one realm to another, between the world of God's creation and the world of, say, Henry James's, between philosophy and art, criticism and fiction, phenomena and words. What interests Gass most of all is the relationship between these realms, the boundary (he knows it is there) that one has crossed, and the slightly bumpy sensation one feels at the precise instant of passing through. □

How to Succeed Though Innocent

VICTOR H. BERNSTEIN
Mr. Bernstein, a free-lance writer, was managing editor of The Nation *from 1952 to 1963. He is the author of* Final Judgment: The Story of Nuremberg.

Most American reviewers of Albert Speer's best-selling memoirs, *Inside the Third Reich,* were much impressed by the candor with which Hitler's architect and war production chief accepted his share of responsibility for Nazi criminality. It is interesting to note, then, that the longest and most ardent penitential passage in the book, and the only one that devotes more than a casual phrase to the Jewish question, does not appear in the original German edition published by Ullstein. Perhaps what I have to say on this subject, if taken together with certain other recent commentaries on *Inside the Third Reich,** will inspire someone to write a book I should be very curious to read—a book entitled *Inside Albert Speer.*

More or less typical of initial American critical reaction to the memoirs was John Toland's review in *The New York Times* of August 23, 1970. In it, Toland refers to Speer as an essentially decent man who, unlike his co-defendants at Nuremberg, "freely admitted his guilt." Now, I watched Speer from the Nuremberg press section for some hours each day over a period of eight months, and my subjective judgment of him was very different from Toland's. What isn't a matter of judgment, but of fact, is that Speer did not "freely admit his guilt" at Nuremberg, but entered a plain and unambiguous plea of Not Guilty, and his defense counsel fought as hard for him as Goering's counsel did for his client.

It *is* true that Speer, during pretrial interviews and on the stand, admitted that as a member of the ruling Nazi hierarchy he must accept a share of blame for Nazi policy. Mr. Toland thought that, by this admission, Speer "imagined he had sealed his own death warrant." But Speer might equally well have imagined otherwise. He might have imagined, on very good grounds, that the Tribunal was getting increasingly irritated at the way his co-defendants consistently sought to pass the buck, either laterally or upward, when they reached the stand, and that his testimony might be better received by the judges if he openly acknowledged what the stupendous documentation against him proved anyway. To those of us who had heard Streicher proclaim himself a Zionist, Speer's refusal to deny his own signatures came as a relief.

In any case, it would have been out of character for Speer to have argued, as did so many of his colleagues, that he was merely a messenger boy acting under compulsion. Ever since his capture, he had been eagerly throwing great gobs of statistics at his interlocutors to show what a great production chief he had been. He could hardly now admit that whatever he had done had been under someone else's direction. Whatever else we may read out of what we know of Speer, he is undeniably a proud man.

In view of my Nuremberg memories, it was natural for me to regard with some cynicism the *mea culpas* which are scattered through the memoirs. Did they come from the heart or from the head? And if from the head, was it possible the head wasn't Speer's? I marked certain passages in the American (Macmillan) edition and asked my friend Heinz Pol, the American correspondent

*See "Hitler's Masterbuilder" by Geoffrey Barraclough in *New York Review* of January 7, 1971 and "Albert Speer Was the Man to See," by John K. Galbraith in *The New York Times Book Review,* of January 10, 1971.

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for the *Frankfurter Rundschau* and other German papers, to check them with the German edition. He informed me that the concluding 2 pages of the second chapter (bottom of page 18 to bottom of page 20) are strictly a Macmillan edition phenomenon; nothing like them appears anywhere in the Ullstein edition.

Now I know nothing of the history of the German publication; there may be many things in the Ullstein edition which were not in Speer's original manuscript, or perhaps vice versa. But I do know a little of what happened in connection with the Macmillan edition. I telephoned Peter Ritner, formerly editor-in-chief at Macmillan and now director of the General Publications Division of World Publishing Co. The following is a summarized version of our conversation:

Q. I understand you bought the Speer book while you were at Macmillan. Can you tell me anything about a 2-page addition that was tacked on to the end of the second chapter?

A. Not specifically about that, no; I'd need the correspondence file to refresh my memory. Speer and I corresponded quite a lot about the book, perhaps thirty exchanges or so, and of course I posed many questions and made some suggestions. Speer's letters were quite interesting—some of them as interesting as anything in the book.

Q. What suggestions did you make and how did Speer receive them?

A. Again, I can't give you details without the correspondence, which belongs to Macmillan. In the main, what I tried to make him do was to come clean on his responsibilities, especially as regards the Jewish question. It seemed to me that the German version avoided precisely the kind of confrontations that I wanted him to meet squarely. I had in mind some specific questions, too. For instance, if he was all that great a war production minister, shouldn't he have known how much material—concrete, for example—was going into the construction of concentration camps?

Q. What was Speer's reaction to all this?

A. At one point he grew quite agitated and offered to withdraw his manuscript altogether.* I suppose some of my questions revealed dimensions of his guilt he had not before recognized, and the shock unnerved him.

Q. So it is as a result of your correspondence with Speer that the Macmillan edition differs from the German one?

A. That's a fair statement. I might add here that I had scruples about this venture from the beginning. Macmillan paid $250,000 for the book. In my mind, the value lay in the new light—or additional light—that the manuscript shed on Hitler and his entourage. But I felt then and still feel that there is something immoral in paying out a quarter-million dollars for a record of what Speer did.

The inspiration for the *mea culpa* on pages 18 to 20 came, then, from Ritner; the execution was exclusively Speer's. The passage begins with what the writer terms his "frivolous" decision to join the Nazi party in 1931 without bothering to find out what the party stood for. It seems he was impelled into joining by a Hitler speech and a fear of communism: "At this initial stage my guilt was as grave as, at the end, my work for Hitler." He seems to have thought the party's anti-Semitism a "rough spot" that would be "polished in time"; he "continued to associate with Jewish acquaintances" and was "no more an anti-Semite than I became in the following years." He continues:

> Had Hitler announced before 1933 that a few years later he would burn down Jewish synagogues, involve Germany in a war, and kill Jews and his political opponents, he would at one blow have lost me . . .

I'm inclined to believe this. Up to 1933 the party did nothing for the ambitious young architect, held out no promise for his future, was indeed uncertain about its own future. So far as Speer knew, he could have resigned membership, turned decent, at no cost to his ambitions. But after January 20, 1933, when Hitler took power, the price of decency began to take a stiff climb. Within a few months, architectural commissions were dropping into his lap from Goebbels, Goering, the S.A., Hitler, the party. Within a few years he was an intimate of the Fuehrer, a holder of the party Gold Badge of Honor, a member of the S.S., the Inspector General of Buildings for the Renovation of the Federal Capital. And greater honor and power were still to come. So when Hitler actually burned down synagogues, involved Germany in a war, killed Jews and political opponents, the danger of his losing Speer had quite disappeared.

How does Speer explain this? On page 20 he writes: "Far more than I suspected, the 'time of decision' was already past me. I felt, in Martin Buber's phrase, 'anchored in responsibility in a party.'" (Martin Buber, no less; I wonder whether Speer was amused when he seized upon the quotation.) He concludes the 2-page passage: "In 1931 I had no idea that fourteen years later I would have to answer for a host of crimes to which I subscribed beforehand

*This point was also made by Roger Jellinek in *The New York Times Book Review* of August 23, last year.

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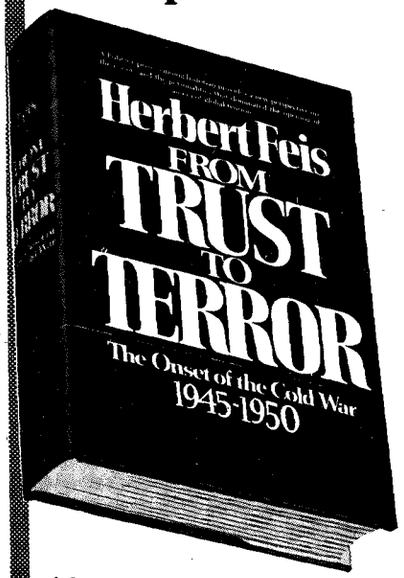

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ELEGY FOR A LONG-HAIRED STUDENT

He called at four a.m.: about to fly
To Mao, he had to know the Chinese word
For peace. Next day he was dead.

"Such dreams were bound for madness,"
I told his mourners. "He was too good
For this world." "He would have wanted you,"

They said. "You *understood." Bearing*
His body to the grave, I saw the long red hair
He could not stop from coiling round

Their throats: Elks, Legionnaires.
Unmocked now, it would grow. As we lay
Him down, I spoke that word for peace.

Lucien Stryk

by entering the party. I did not yet know that I would atone with twenty-one years of my life for frivolity and thoughtlessness and breaking with tradition. Still, I will never be rid of that sin."

Speer is too hard on himself; he was never guilty of frivolity and thoughtlessness. And anyway, he antedates his real sin by ten years or more. I can understand why Speer prefers to emphasize his joining the party as his Original Sin; after all, one can forgive an idealistic young man of 26, politically naive, who falls under the spell of a demagogue. But by 1942 Speer was 37, an eleven-year veteran of the party on friendly terms with every party bigwig: Hitler, Goering, Goebbels, Himmler, and all the rest. By 1942 the war was three years old, Europe was going up in flames, the stench of the crematoria hung over Belsen, Auschwitz, Dachau. And Speer, with unrestrained eagerness, accepted from Hitler the post of Minister of Armaments, entering into a partnership with Himmler, Sauckel, Heydrich, Eichmann, et al., in a business whose principal asset was 5 million foreign slaves.

Reading the memoirs, one is struck by the almost abstract nature of Speer's *confession.* By insisting so strenuously on his guilt for everything in general, he manages to absolve himself of guilt for anything in particular. Consider this passage (which also appears in the German): "How much or how little I knew . . . is totally unimportant when I consider what horrors I ought to have known about and what conclusions would have been natural to draw from the little I did know." What an elegantly contrived expression of remorse! The guilt almost disappears in the confessor's humility and ignorance of wrongdoing.

"The little I did know." Was it really so little? I am looking through some Nuremberg documents. "If it should prove impossible . . . to get hold of the necessary workers," says a Speer memorandum, "the Fuehrer himself will contact Himmler and will give an order that the required 100,000 men are to be made available by bringing in Jews from Hungary" (Doc. R-124). A note over Sauckel's signature: "On 4 Jan. 1943 Minister Speer telephones. . . . The recruiting [of French workers] can proceed with emphasis and sharpened measures" (Doc. 556-13-PS). Speer again: "There is nothing to be said against the S.S. and police taking drastic steps and putting those known as slackers into concentration camps. Let it happen several times and the news will soon get around" (Doc. R-124).

How much did Speer know of the camps into which he was so ready to toss his factory slackers? Strictly as an economic factor, they could hardly have escaped the close attention of a conscientious war production chief. The fact that they produced huge quantities of old clothes, hair, gold fillings, soap and lamp shades may or may not have interested him, but surely he must have been concerned with the important war resources they *consumed.* From 1942 onward, his munitions plants were desperately short of coal, but he never thought to divert the huge tonnage that kept the crematoria ovens going. Iron and steel were precious and skilled labor scarce, yet it is astonishing what non-war industries were permitted to continue operations right up to the end of the war. I. A. Topf and Sons, H. Korn A. G. and the Didier Werke A. G. all manufactured crematoria ovens and equipment—elevators or trundle wagons—for the transport of corpses; a Danzig firm, Arrd, made electrically heated tanks for the manufacture of soap out of human fat; a Berlin plant turned out mobile asphyxiation chambers in the form of "gas vans."

But then perhaps Speer never considered these firms "nonwar"; perhaps he thought them just as important to the war effort as Krupp or I. G. Farben. By now, I am sure, those "Jewish acquaintances" of his were long gone, so he could be certain that whoever might be dying in the camps, in vans, or in the ditches of the Ukraine, wasn't anyone he knew. □

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Sacred to Diana

OF A FIRE ON THE MOON. *By Norman Mailer. Little, Brown & Co. 472 pp. $7.95.*

HARRY MAURER

Mr. Maurer is a writer living in New York City.

As I write this review, sitting in the dining room of my parents' house in Ohio, two drinking glasses sit on the table before me. They are red, white and blue, stubby and squat. One of them is inscribed, "Apollo 11—MAN ON THE MOON—July 20, 1969"; the other says, "Apollo 13—SAFE RETURN—April 17, 1970. A Triumph of Courage, Teamwork, Ingenuity." These are what is left of those moon shots: drinking glasses obtained at gas stations; an occasional magazine article; and copies of *The New York Times* with gala headlines yellowing in some rarely opened closet, meant for the eyes of eager grandchildren.

That was why I was glad to hear that

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Norman Mailer was doing a book on Apollo 11. The events he described in his last two books, *The Armies of the Night* and *Miami and the Siege of Chicago*, sliced deep into the abdomen of America and released a rich, rotten, intestinal stench. No matter what your politics, the words "the Pentagon" or "Chicago" have the power to evoke that stench. We are aware that at those places, on those days, the nation's lifeblood flowed, and that things have not been the same since then. At best those events left scars; at worst they opened the way for gangrene.

The moon shot, on the other hand, failed even to scratch the skin. It stirred up a rather ethereal controversy about whether NASA money was well spent. Almost immediately after splashdown it was forgotten. The articles in *Life* appeared, and we looked at the pretty pictures. There may have been a parade—who remembers it? And now—drinking glasses from the local Marathon station. The moon shot never seemed to penetrate the national consciousness, floating instead on the surface like a small oil slick lost on an immense ocean. There were more important things to attend to.

Mailer's book, I knew, would make us all think again. I confess I had other reasons to be glad of its publication. I have always been somewhat shamefacedly in favor of the space program, and I hoped *Of a Fire on the Moon* would give the lie to all the liberal and radical friends with whom I have had unpleasant arguments. But the most important thing is that we cannot ignore Norman Mailer; the moon shot would now have to be reconsidered. It was not Mailer's idea to do the book. It was commissioned, apparently with a very large sum of money involved. There are hints that at first he was unhappy with the assignment. But it captured him at last—that is plain from the results. *Of a Fire on the Moon* is a thoughtful book, a large book, and one that the author obviously found most disturbing to write.

Because this is a book about the most disturbing of all phenomena: death. Death reverberates through it, ubiquitous as the static in space. Mailer begins with his reaction to the suicide of Hemingway:

> . . . Hemingway had given the power to believe you could still shout down the corridor of the hospital, live next to the breath of the beast, accept your portion of dread each day. Now the greatest living romantic was dead. Dread was loose.

Dread. The word appears again and again. Not just dread on the part of the astronauts, who had to live with the fear of death every day of the mission. This is Mailer's dread, which to some extent is the dread we all feel, that what we know and love best is dying. The last chapter of the book, called "A Burial by the Sea," tells the story of a funeral conducted by Mailer's Provincetown friends, artists all, painters, poets, sculptors. The funeral is not for a man but for a car, an old Ford which they inter in the sand. The gesture is futile: the burial of one decrepit machine will have no effect on this machine-ridden age. In fact, Mailer says, this burial by the sea may have been the beginning of a new ritual, in which machines are buried with as much mourning as men, and in which men are barely separable from machines. The moon shot wrenched us irrevocably into an entirely new era. Mailer remarks that for him the 20th century died in the summer of 1969. Yeats's rough beast, its hour come at last, has already slouched its way to Bethlehem.

Why is the age of technology so frightening for all of us, so full of dread for Mailer? Because, in many ways, it means death. Machines are dead things, of course, and we have all noticed how machine-like the astronauts are. We have all noticed how they look alike, we have remarked upon the poverty of their language, upon their inability or unwillingness to communicate emotion. What place has art, or love, or pain, in the Manned Spacecraft Center, chapel of plastic and aluminum? Mailer says that his sense of smell, the journalist-detective's ability to intuit the essence of an event, failed completely in the face of the sterile, windowless buildings of the Center. The triumph of technology presupposes the death of taboo, of magic and miracle, of anything imprecise, iffy or quirky.

The death of taboo, magic and miracle. *Of a Fire on the Moon* is full of thoughts on the relationship of technology and taboo; the two words keep appearing together, like an absurd perversion of Freud's title. One way to deal with dread is to attach it to certain things: thou shalt not do X, or the evil forces will swallow you up. Talismans, rituals, superstitions—these allow one to live next to the breath of the beast. But to get to the moon, talismans must be done away with, superstitions scrapped. Imagine—landing on the moon, root of lunacy, manipulator of moods, master of werewolves. Imagine the hoary fears that must be suppressed. Technology reduces the world to physics and engineering. For every action there is an equal and opposite reaction; no room for taboo here. Since the aim of technology is to function ever more logically and efficiently, it destroys taboo systematically, and though Mailer tries to invest technology with some elves and magic of its own, even he remains un-

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convinced. To test and retest, to have no organism on the spacecraft whose job could not be done by another, to be prepared even for major mechanical failure as in Apollo 13: this is the new way to deal with dread. But when we see the astronauts, the embodiment of this new approach, we do not like what we see. They appear to be dreadless, to live without cognizance of that other world that seems so close to ours, that other world in which logic does not rule, in which strange things happen, and about which we are both frightened and curious. There is poetry in that other world. Are we to lose that poetry? In the face of the technological age, we suddenly come to value our taboos, our petty terrors, our haunted houses. Oh, Lord, give us today our daily dread. What would life be without it? We are in the odd position of a man who has always detested his lumpy mattress, and then discovers on his deathbed that it is filled with $1,000 bills.

However, there is another side to the question. If there is beauty in nature there is also beauty in technology. Look at the parallels. Both accomplish astounding things. Both are rich and complicated. Both dazzle with the pyrotechnics of mysterious cause and effect. Both, in short, are sources of amazement, and amazement is the seed of art. It is, after all, amazing that men have traveled to the moon and will do so again, and part of the reason that the feat did not make a greater impression on the American people is that the technology worked so well that it looked easy.

We must respect that technology, if from a distance. We must admire it. We must doff our hats. And that is what underlies the question at the heart of *Of a Fire on the Moon*, a question that grows from Mailer's dread: was Apollo 11 a triumph or a tragedy, a work of God or of the Devil? This is the question that dogs Mailer down the long road of this substantial book, the question that nibbles at him, tickles and worries him, depresses him, lurks in waiting for him—and us—at every turn of the road. God or the Devil? During the voyage Mailer guides us through the labyrinth of the Apollo 11 mission. He re-creates the events for us: the liftoff, the lazy trajectory to the moon, the landing and the return home. He describes the work of the astronauts in space, and the atmosphere at Mission Control. He steps past the events, and describes what is behind them: a technology so complex that no adjective can do it justice. And having told us a little of the technology, Mailer goes one step further into what he does best: conjecture about the meaning of it all.

God or the Devil? Mailer is a man interested in first causes. Though he professes a belief in the ultimate unknowability of everything, he is still quite willing to smell out a good guess. He mutters, he ruminates, he suggests problems and possibilities. This might be called psychoanalytic journalism, Mailer going beneath the surface of an event, past the mechanics of it, beyond the social and political realities of it, and into the swamp of its psychology, into the quicksands of the human subconscious that are its real *raison d'être*. Thus, he wonders what the real reason is that makes men want to go to the moon. What is the reason that makes the astronauts want to go? Why did America get to the moon first, and why this special group of Americans, the WASPs?

Sometimes, in answering this kind of question, Mailer is ridiculously, entertainingly wrong. At one point he takes up Dr. Wernher von Braun. Why is it, he wonders, that most Americans, if they know one NASA name, know that of von Braun? Von Braun does not rank high in the space-program bureaucracy, and the part of the Apollo 11 mission he was most responsible for was the Saturn V rocket. While the Saturn V was a monster of size and force, while it did blast the astronauts out of earth's gravity, Mailer notes that it was not nearly as complex and marvelous a machine as the Command or Lunar Module. So how to explain von Braun's fame? One factor is that von Braun was a Nazi, the creator of the V-2, and thus possesses a kind of twisted glamour, an aura of evil that cannot help but be fascinating. Well and good. But Mailer stumbles on:

> Well, the brute but inescapable answer if one studies the morphology of rockets is that man worships his phallus in preference to a drop of his seed. Yeah and yea. Saturn V was guts and grease, plumbing and superpipes, Lucifer or the Archangel grinding the valves. Saturn V was a furnace, a chariot of fire. One could witness some incandescent entrance to the heavens. But Apollo 11 was Command Module and therefore not to be seen.

Even if one can accept this very Maileresque emphasis of the sexual, his "brute but inescapable answer" still does not explain the national preoccupation with von Braun. Because, of all the people who know that name there is, I would guess, not one in a thousand who knows that he was responsible for the Saturn V and not something else. That thought, obvious though it may seem, does not cross Mailer's mind, at least not in print. But I think the man may be forgiven for his lapses. Sometimes Mailer is wrong. Sometimes he is annoying, outlandish, silly. And often enough, at least according to my sense of smell, he is beautifully correct.

God or the Devil? We never get an

I REMEMBER AS A CHILD

I remember as a child
standing on a high hill
in East Northfield, listening
to the whistle of a freight train
going slowly on its way,
and I could see the locomotive
making great huge puffs of smoke,
creating a fine line of white
as far as Bernardston,
its destination was a distant trestle
crossing over into Brattleboro
and the great Green Mountains of Vermont.

I remember heavy clouds
were overhead and they
were towering tomorrow
in the sky, I was afraid,
I raced across an open
field and I could feel a question rise
inside and out there in the
air: "What are you?"—and I answered:
"I am something that is
going to be hopelessly broken"—racing,
racing, breathless through the field until I
reached a row of stately maple trees.

William Packard

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answer. But in the last 3 pages of the book, after the reader has despaired of any answers at all, Mailer has a thought-dialogue with a bit of moon rock, and some of the dilemmas he has struggled with surrender. We are left with hope. In his own words:

> Yes, he had come to believe by the end of this long summer that probably we had to explore into outer space, for technology had penetrated the modern mind to such a depth that voyages in space might have become the last way to discover the metaphysical pits of that world of technique which choked the pores of modern consciousness—yes, we might have to go out into space until the mystery of new discovery would force us to regard the world once again as poets, behold it as savages who knew that if the universe was a lock, its key was metaphor rather than measure.

In the end, a reviewer must throw up his hands before this book. There is just too much to say. One thing is certain, though: drinking glasses will no longer be enough. The questions and answers in *Of a Fire on the Moon* must be explored if we are to understand our time. We can no longer ignore the fact that the moon is marked by footprints. □

FILMS

ROBERT HATCH

It is a considerable achievement to write, direct, and play the lead in the first film of your own, and it is probably an unparalleled achievement to create in this triple role as decent and unpretentious a work as Barbara Loden provides in *Wanda*.

Having said that, I must add that I don't think the job was worth doing. *Wanda* is the chronicle of a brief, desolate romance between a young woman, who has forsaken adult life because she is mentally incompetent to participate in it, and a robber (Michael Higgins), who has suffered a head injury that deprives him of the judgment necessary for his work. Both roles are effectively executed. Miss Loden has evidently made a close study of the mannerisms of the mentally deficient—the abortive flashes of facial animation, the sometimes disconcertingly direct speech that slurs off to inconclusiveness, the disinterested curiosity that fastens passively wherever the eyes alight. And Higgins' Mr. Dennis is interesting, principally because, with his neat mustache, steel-gray hair and junior executive clothes, he so skillfully suggests the success he pursues with an automatic. "Without money, you're dead," says Dennis, and that's good American doctrine. I don't think, though, that Miss Loden or Higgins got enough medical advice on the matter of Mr. Dennis' brainstorms, the cause of which is so graphically indicated by the 4-inch cosmetic scar on his temple. His blinding headaches, his sudden rages, also seem cosmetic; pasted onto the picture.

But even though, overall, these two social casualties are convincing, and though the hand-held camera footage is perceptive and sometimes bleakly beautiful, I wished myself out of the place long before the showing was over. The performances whereby Wanda and Mr. Dennis are displayed to us may be interesting, but they themselves are not. They are not tragic; they are merely distressing, as is any injured animal. Except for the fact that they come of backgrounds so debased as to take no responsibility for their own casualties, Wanda and Mr. Dennis would have been tended and kept safe. That, in fact, might be the basis for a story: the point at which a social group falls below the minimums of understanding and resources necessary to prevent its cripples from wandering away and being destroyed. But the backgrounds of Wanda and Mr. Dennis are only very briefly sketched, and the main spectacle of their dim and distorted responses to the large, impersonal community is dramatically frustrating and emotionally irrelevant. Miss Loden has based her picture on the pathetic fallacy, and she cannot bring it to resolution. Mr. Dennis can be gunned down, plausibly enough, but at the end the camera can do no more with Wanda than freeze on her vapid face as she munches a hot dog. That freezing device has become common since Truffaut used it at the end of *The 400 Blows*. He was signaling that he would return to the subject (I don't think, really, that he ever has), but most often it is used to finish off a work that, not having been capable of development, cannot otherwise be completed. Stories are about people; Wanda and Mr. Dennis are accidents.

The Projectionist, a small picture written and directed by Harry Hurwitz, has been gathering prestige during its various showings around New York, in some part because of what seem to me surprisingly enthusiastic notices. It may be that the reviewers find this movie-obsessed movie flattering to their vocation. The picture is built from an ingratiating gimmick: its hero (Chuck McCann), because of his job as projectionist, is saturated in screen lore to the point that the slightest stimulus triggers in his mind fantasies of cinematic terror, glory and corn in which he appears as the indomitable Captain Flash. The device permits Hurwitz to film parodies of ancient serials and to insert enough "classic" film clips to satisfy the most ardent movie buff. (Example: Captain Flash picks up the phone and Humphrey Bogart is on the wire.)

But, alas, films that succumb to the gimmick are doomed to repeat it again and again, with ever decreasing effect (it is not unlike dope addiction). In this case, the compulsion is the more depressing because McCann, who is quite excellent as the large, soft, friendly and mildly sardonic projectionist, turns cute in the dream sequences—and cuteness on the part of large, soft men is something I do not cheerfully contemplate.

The Projectionist wearied me: I felt, however, sympathy for Hurwitz, McCann and the others, as their amiable little idea fell to pieces in their hands, and I had thought to let the venture pass without comment. But it persists, and people should be warned that it is not nearly as much fun as it is being made to sound. □

RECORDS

DAVID HAMILTON

GOUNOD: *Roméo et Juliette*. Soloists, Chorus and Orchestra of the Opéra Comique, Paris; François Ruhlmann, cond. Rococo 1002. $17.85 (three discs, mono; recorded 1912).

Although it is generally supposed that pre-1925 recordings were confined to snippets of arias, songs and brief instrumental pieces, there were in fact several more substantial projects. This almost complete version of Gounod's opera is one of the first large works of such vintage to be released on microgroove, and it emerges anew as a fascinating document in the history of performance style. Despite obvious sonic debilities, plus extraneous noises resulting from the Pathé hill-and-dale recording process and from a clumsy rerecording job, the effect of a real performance is conveyed to a surprising degree.

The durability of performance traditions is a fascinating subject. Sometimes, in the case of revolutionary compositional styles, a genuine tradition may not be established for some time—perhaps not until after the composer's death (as with Schoenberg, in whose case there was little continuity between the early performances and those after World War II, and only a few people—in particular, Edward Steuermann, Rudolph Kolisch and Hans Rosbaud—carried over from

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one period to the other). Sooner or later, though, every performance tradition seems to expire, either because the music itself leaves the repertory or because younger generations of musicians come to it with ears freshly conditioned by later music. (To be sure, new listeners also bring similarly fresh responses, and the result may not necessarily be bad.)

Few traditions in recent decades can have collapsed as completely and spectacularly as that of 19th-century French opera; the present closing of the Paris Opéra is only an admission of the fact that nothing valid has happened there in more than a decade, with the exception of such importations as Boulez's production of *Wozzeck*. And no major recording of French opera in recent years has been cast primarily with native singers—a debilitating factor to a lyric tradition that has been for some centuries very much concerned with the proprieties of textual declamation. At some point in the 1940s, the prestige and rewards accruing to well-trained operatic performers in France ceased to attract sufficient talent to sustain the tradition that is audible in this 1912 *Roméo,* in the forty-year-old version of Massenet's *Werther* on Pathé FCX-35043/5, the 1942 recording of Debussy's *Pelléas* on Pathé FALP-35001/3, or even the postwar recording of *Carmen* in the *opéra-comique* version (Pathé FCX-35020/2). Compare any of these with later performances, such as the recent Angel *Roméo* (3734) and *Carmen* (3767), or the Boulez recording of *Pelléas* (Columbia M3-30119), the distinct virtues of which do not include Gallic style.

Current attempts to salvage French opera on an international scale, as in the Metropolitan's last stab at *Roméo* (as of this writing, I have not heard the new production of *Werther,* or the City Opera's *Louise*), assemble a variety of disparately trained star singers, and concentrate on the more Italianate virtues of tonal thrust and sheen. What is missing can be heard distinctly even through the six-decade-old patina of surface noise that overlays Ruhlmann's recording, where a native understanding of the relationship Gounod sought between verbal accent and musical shape brings about a completely convincing delivery of the vocal lines and rhythms. It is interesting that the only member of this cast to achieve real celebrity in America was the bass Marcel Journet, who is the least tonally secure among the principals, the one most obviously interested in sound for its own sake. Even the tenor Agustarello Affré overcomes his evidently aging sound by concentrating on Gounod's lines and letting the music take care of the "youth" side of the part—which is how Gounod wrote it, after all. And soprano Yvonne Gall is by far the best Juliette I have ever heard.

The ensemble of chorus and orchestra is not always up to snuff, perhaps because of difficulties inherent in the physical layout of recording sessions at the time (everyone had to sing into a single horn, and the conductor could not be placed directly in front, where he would obscure the sound), but the weight of this opera is in the solo parts. A score is really necessary to decipher some of the orchestral events (no libretto is provided with the set), but the effort is worth while for anyone interested in what a vital operatic tradition once meant. *Roméo* is perhaps not a masterpiece, but it can be a theatrically viable work if the performance is not at odds with the nature of the musical gestures.

It would be pleasant to have more reissues of this type; there are several other Pathé complete recordings of the same vintage, as well as some Berlin Odeons of a few years earlier (including Act II of Wagner's *Tannhäuser*), and they very probably give a more accurate view of how operas were really performed at the time than do most of the bits and pieces usually reissued, which were made under relatively undisciplined circumstances and primarily devoted to the glorification of individual singers. □

CADMIUM RED COLOR

Fra Angelico his eyes washed of the color of the Madonna
of her resplendent blue came back to live in our town.
He embraced the poverty of our town a poverty expressed
in the flaked stone and worn clapboards. The mill
was shut down and many of the houses empty.

Oh but the farming equipment out for sale! In the
dealer's yard all those new tractors the balers
spreaders and payloaders the graders and all those
big International Harvester trucks. They
gave back some of the glitter of the old town
as you drove by.

Fra Angelico had forgotten the gold aureoles. He wanted
all that heavy equipment painted cadmium red.
And it was painted that way.

Robert Nichols

PERSONALS

BEWARE

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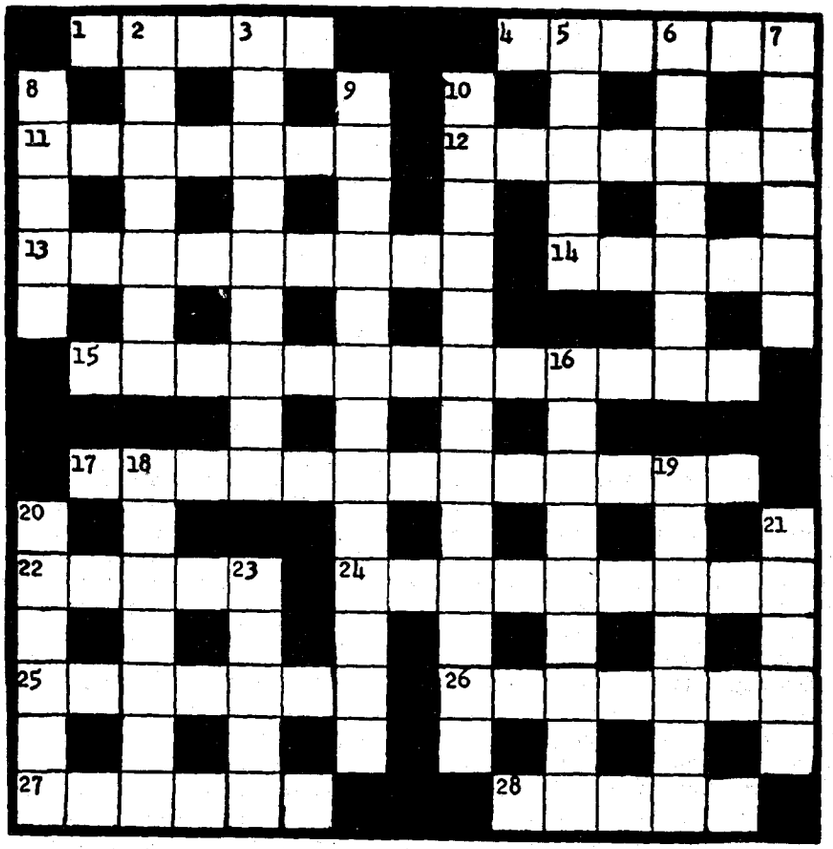

ACROSS

1 Just try to write one! (5)
4 Shut up! (At least in public, lose this!) (6)
11 A feathery covering in time of windfall? (7)
12 A sort of 4, and a disaccharide. (7)
13 and 14 How one turns 10 down with an exceedingly awkward gait? (A desperate situation!) (4,2,3,5)
15 In a protest, rub the wrong way, and you'll make waves! (13)
17 Chessmen are put down in it, for the record. (5,3,5)
22 These tales are for children and animals. (5)
24 Returns to a lower level. (9)
25 "Quiet!" tell the bishop! (7)
26 Proper occupation for a couturier! (7)
27 Want a stage vehicle, by name? (6)
28 Two-time saying? (5)

DOWN

2 Made light of this? (It takes a beating, however.) (7)
3 Going back to type Act VI, as it might be rewritten. (9)
5 Not an express part of the union, perhaps. (5)
6 Scotch purse. (7)
7 Peg an article as the young are almost bound to. (6)
8 Give out the letters with certain charm? (5)
9 Equivalent to what used to be considered a double-ringer. (6,7)
10 Not the radical German movement turning a corner, in a sense. (9,4)
16 The sort I bathed in with people there? (9)
18 An example of such marine life could be mine. (7)
19 What might a watch be doing on the bed? (7)
20 Slanted look, getting hurried about. (6)
21 The customary language of an upper-class wiseman? (5)
23 A good man on tune can go up or down. (5)

SOLUTION TO PUZZLE NO. 1385

ACROSS: 1 Stepping stone; 9 Prone; 10 Scagliola; 11 Rounded; 12 Satchmo; 13 Blind; 14 Ladysmith; 16 Nonplused; 18 Stair; 19 Astrict; 21 Procure; 22 Capstones; 23 India; 24 Zorba the Greek. DOWN: 1 Superabundance; 2 Evolution; 3 Pleaded; 4 Nosed; 5 Slab-sided; 6 Oblates; 7 Enoch; 8 Man on horseback; 14 Lusitania; 15 In a muddle; 17 Leister; 18 Shoeing; 20 Topaz; 21 Pasch.

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